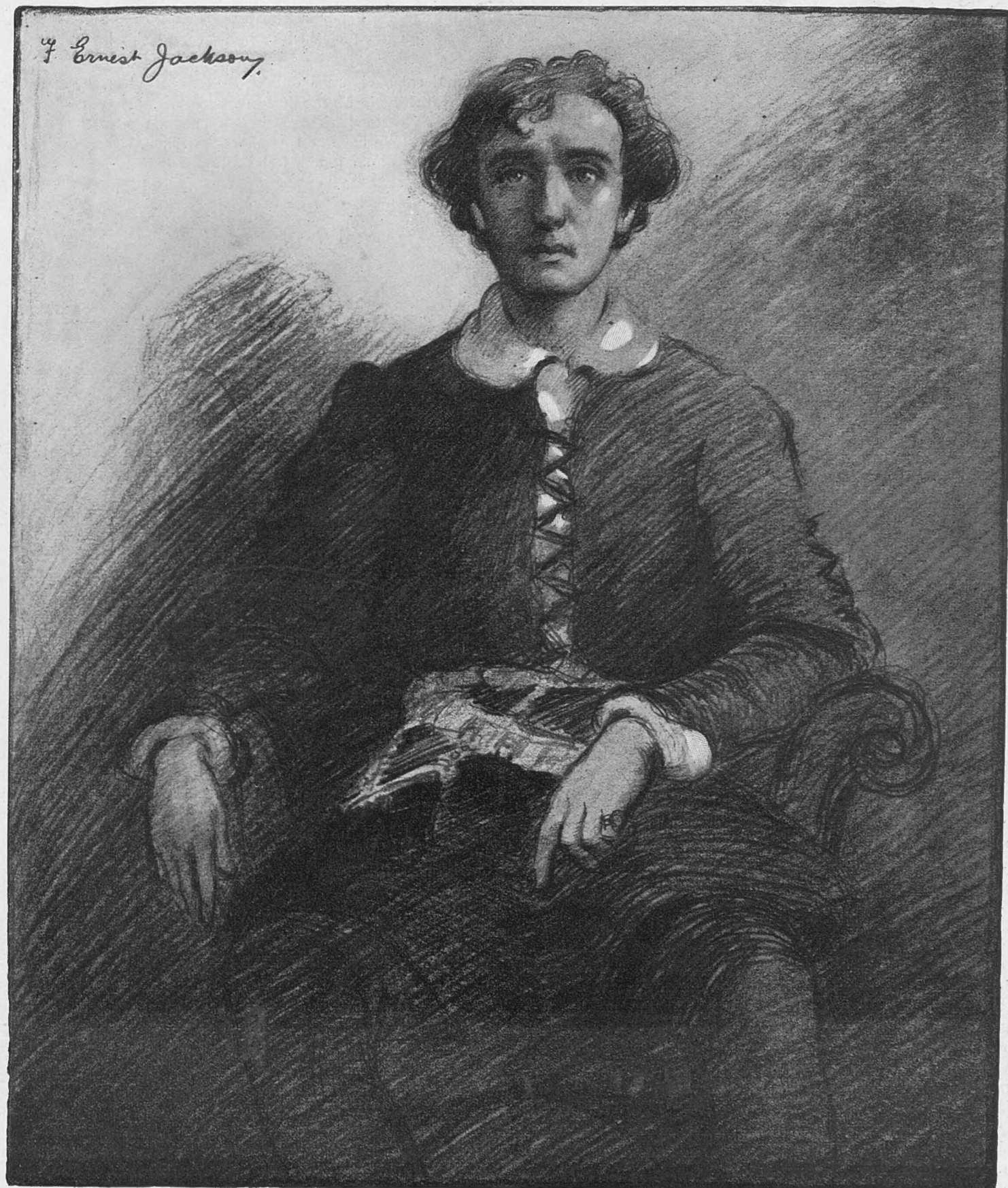




No. 636.—Vol. XLIX.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1905.

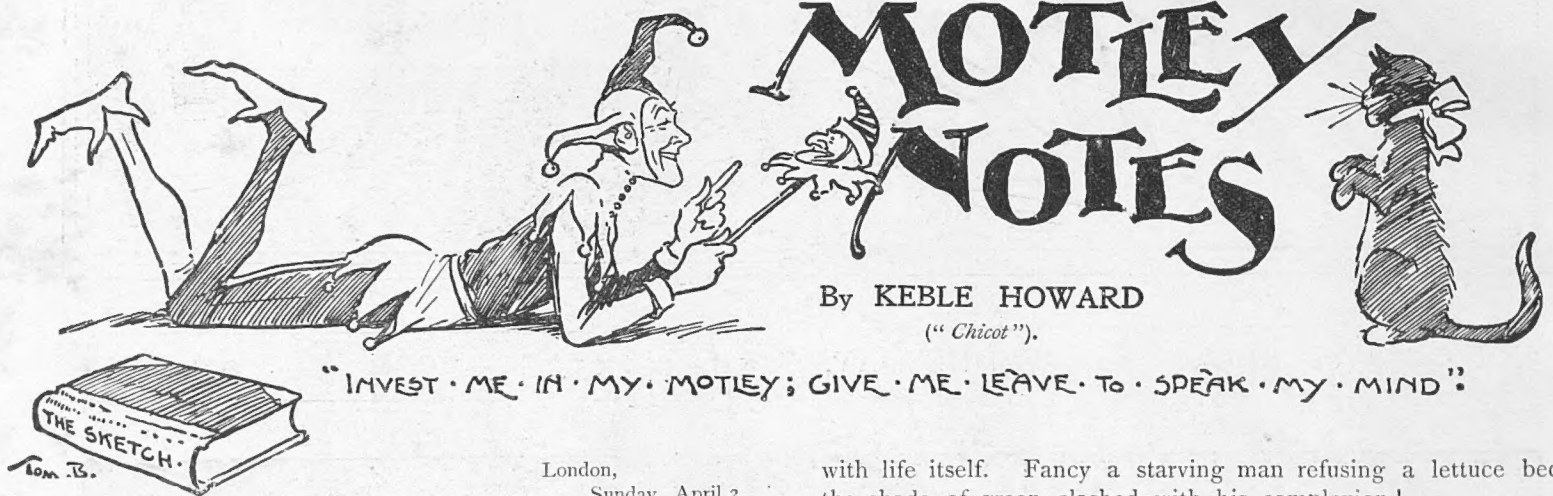
SIXPENCE.



THE NEW HAMLET: MR. H. B. IRVING, WHO IS APPEARING IN SHAKSPERE'S TRAGEDY AT THE ADELPHI.

As readers of "The Sketch" are aware, Mr. H. B. Irving does not play Hamlet during the present engagement for the first time, he having acted the part on a number of occasions when he was a member of Mr. Ben Greet's Company. Associated with Mr. Irving in the present production are Miss Lily Brayton, who, of course, plays Ophelia; Mr. Oscar Asche, who plays Claudius, King of Denmark; Mr. Lyall Swete, who plays Polonius; Mr. Walter Hampden, who plays Laertes; and Mr. Charles Rock, who plays the First Gravedigger.

DRAWN, AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY F. ERNEST JACKSON.



HE was one of these boys-about-town. He wore long, slim boots, very tight trousers, a short coat with a silly-looking slit at the back, and a bowler-hat so arranged as to display to an envious world his intellectual forehead. He was clean-shaven, of course, took great care to keep both gloves on, and was smoking a cigarette through a meerschaum holder.

I met him, to my astonishment, in the Strand. It is seldom that he condescends to come so far East.

"Hullo!" I said. "This is a little out of your beat, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, looking rather uncomfortable, and smacking his boot with his cane. "I had to come down and see a beastly Johnny about some rotten business. How've you bin going on?"

"Oh, pretty well, thanks."

"Seen anything good at the theatres lately?"

"Yes. Have you?"

"Not bad. I like that piece at . . . Theatre."

"I suppose so."

"Rather! What d' you mean, though? Don't you like it?"

"No."

"Don't you, really? Oh, I remember now. You said it was vulgar, or something."

"Well, isn't it?"

"I dunno. P'raps it is a bit, but I don't see that that matters as long as it makes you laugh."

"I suppose not."

"No, I'm blown if I do. And it looks as if they'll score off you, anyway."

"How?"

"Well, I mean to say, it looks as if the piece would be a success."

"I didn't say it wouldn't be a success."

"No, but you didn't think it would, or you wouldn't have slated it."

"Don't you know that there is always a measure of success in store for a play that is vulgar and makes a joke of Divorce Court offal?"

"Why didn't you take care to be on the right side, then?"

"I did. I said what I thought."

"That's all very fine, but it doesn't do to be too independent, you know."

"You mean, it doesn't do to be too truthful, don't you?"

"Something like that, p'raps. Well, I must cut. Ta-ta!"

The above conversation, which is a fair sample of many that I have been forced to take part in since I undertook the duties of dramatic critic to a popular London daily, may explain, in a measure, the cautious, hesitating way in which the critic of many years' experience sometimes approaches his task. He begins, no doubt, by telling the plain truth frankly and fearlessly. Presently he discovers, though, that nothing gets a man more quickly disliked than this habit of blunt honesty. What is to be done? He is a member of a community, unable to escape the persecutions of the mean and foolish. He cannot afford, probably, to retire into private life. Under the circumstances, therefore, he finds that the simplest way out of the difficulty is to administer the pill, when required, in a teaspoonful of jam. After all, he may persuade himself, perhaps the people are right who tell him that art has nothing to do with taste or morals. If the dramatist finds that it pays him better to make use of abnormally degraded types, that, no doubt, is his affair. As long as such people do, possibly, exist— And so on, until he runs the risk of forgetting altogether that art is of very little importance as compared

with life itself. Fancy a starving man refusing a lettuce because the shade of green clashed with his complexion!

I find some vigorous opinions on this subject, by the way, by Mr. David Christie Murray in to-day's *Referee*. Here, at any rate, is a journalist of vast experience who cares not a rap for the criticisms of the crowd. "We have had amongst us of late," he writes, "a school of writers of whom it may be said that they have loved squalor only, or, if art, art only for its squalor. For my own part, I am persuaded that no more pestiferous doctrine was ever offered to the world than this of the non-morality of art; and I go further, and I declare, without fear, that those who maintain the doctrine have mainly used it because they have found it a paying thing to shock into attention a public whose suffrages they would never otherwise have been able to secure at all." That is the talk of a man, and a man, moreover, who cares nothing for the inevitable retort, "Please don't preach!" which, if you come to think of it, is merely another form of the schoolboy jeer, "There's Smug Smith saying his prayers. Shy a slipper at him!"

In the current number of the *Outlook*, which has lately been improved almost beyond recognition, you will find an entertaining essay by Mr. G. S. Street on the subject of "Anarchy." The anarchy complained of by Mr. Street is being wrought daily by some builders and carpenters, who are inconsiderate enough to awaken Mr. Street at six-thirty every morning with their bangings and hammerings. (If you want one word for the din, you may call it "bammering.") The essayist pretends, very prettily, that he is more concerned for his neighbours than for himself. I can't quite believe that, though. To be roused from sleep at six-thirty by a persistent bammering, and to find that, for the same reason, further sleep is out of the question, becomes, after a few mornings, such a horrible torture that every other emotion is absorbed in self-pity. I wonder how Mr. Street would like it if he lived, as I do, close to a railway-bridge that is always being repaired. He may reply, of course, "Well, why don't you go and live somewhere else?" That is the obvious retort, but there are many reasons why I should stay where I am and try to get used to the bammering. Besides, for several years I was foolish enough to hope that, sooner or later, the repairs would be finished, and there would come an end to the awful clangings. I have now decided in my own mind, however, that the bridge never will be finished. My opinion is that the bridge is a faulty construction, and that the wear-and-tear of the traffic by day necessitate this never-ceasing bammering by night. "Clang! Clang! Clang!" I can hear it now, although, as a matter of fact, they don't do it much on Sunday. Mr. Street will be able to appreciate the hallucination.

Oxford (Don't be alarmed: I have nothing to say about the Boat-race. Indeed, I know nothing about it, beyond the bare result gleaned from the following head-lines in the *Evening News*: "Oxford Leads All the Way: Cambridge Behind their Rivals from Start to Finish." Let me put an end, therefore, to this lengthy parenthesis) has always been a godsend to the enterprising journalist. The latest discovery, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, has been made by a gentleman representing an American journal, who, after a brief visit to Oxford, informed his readers that fagging was a recognised institution at the "ancient University on the banks of the Isis," and that he had seen, with his own eyes, the younger son of a Marquess cheerfully employed in tidying up the bedroom of a famous oarsman. Was the *Westminster* sarcastic in observing that the American journalist's credulity was a high compliment to the aristocratic bearing of the Oxford scout?

"ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE: A PAGE FROM A DAUGHTER'S DIARY,"
AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



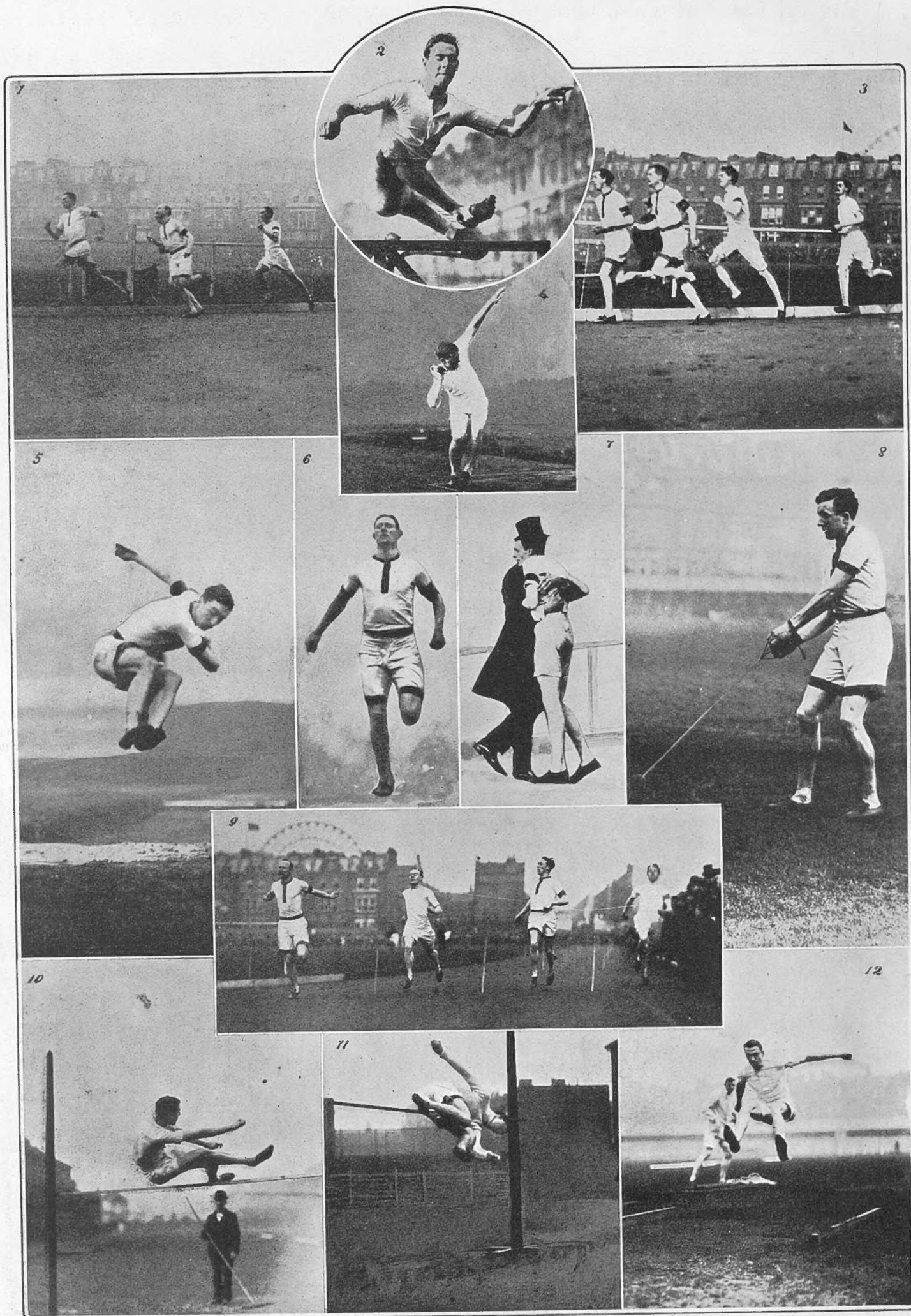
MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX, WHO IS TO APPEAR TO-NIGHT IN MR. J. M. BARRIE'S NEW COMEDY.

MR. BARRIE'S NEW COMEDY IS A PLAY OF TO-DAY, WITH ACTION TAKING PLACE WITHIN A PERIOD OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. ACT I. IS "THE HOME-COMING"; ACT II., "THE MAN'S ROOMS"; AND ACT III., "CLICK."

Miss Fairfax first trod the boards at the Gaiety and Dilly's in musical comedy, leaving the latter theatre after a three years' stay to appear with Mr. Penley in "Charley's Aunt." Since then she has played with Mr. Charles Hawtrey in "One Summer's Day"; in America, as understudy to Miss Ada Rehan; with Richard Mansfield in "The First Violin"; in "The Land of Nod"; in "When a Man's in Love"; with Mr. Tree in "Captain Swift," "The First Night," "King John," and "Rip van Winkle"; in "Facing the Music," at the Strand; in "The Price of Peace," at Drury Lane; and since that production in a number of parts in which her appearance is too familiar to call for comment.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

"ALL THE WINNERS" AT THE INTER-'VARSITY SPORTS.

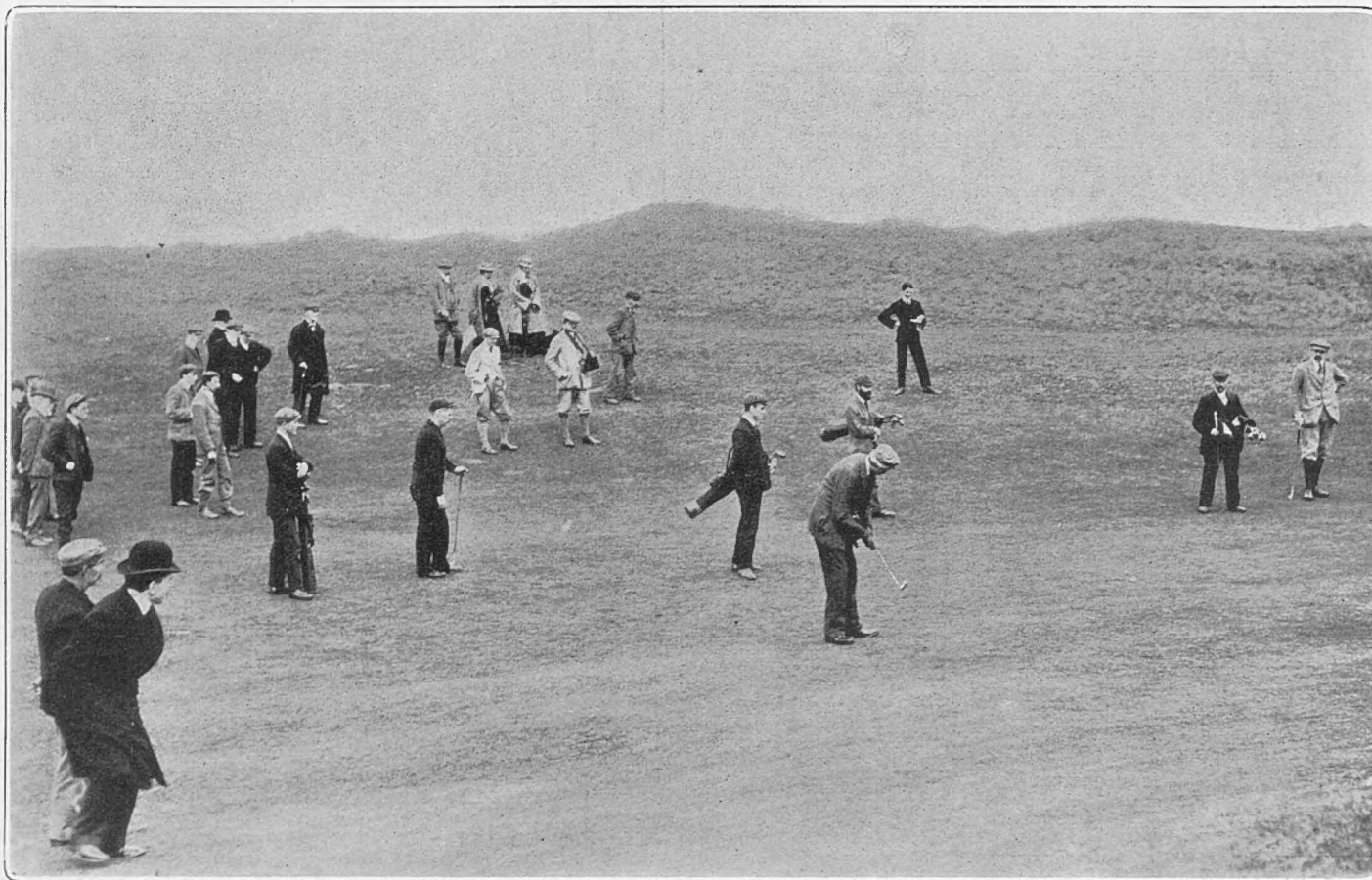


1. THE QUARTER-MILE, Won by J. H. MORRELL (ETON, AND MAGDALEN, OXFORD) IN 51 1-5 SECONDS. 2. F. H. TEALL (DULWICH, AND SIDNEY, CAMBRIDGE) WINNING THE HURDLES IN 16 2-5 SECONDS. 3. THE MILE, Won by C. C. HENDERSON-HAMILTON (GLENALMOND, AND TRINITY, OXFORD) IN 4 MINUTES 17 4-5 SECONDS. 4. THE HON. G. W. LYTTELTON (ETON, AND TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE), WINNING PUTTING THE WEIGHT WITH A PUTT OF 37 FEET 11 INCHES. 5. G. LE B. SMITH (RADLEY, AND UNIVERSITY, OXFORD) WINNING THE LONG JUMP WITH A JUMP OF 21 FEET 1 INCH. 6. K. CORNWALLIS (HAILEYBURY, AND UNIVERSITY, OXFORD) WINNING THE HALF-MILE IN 1 MINUTE 56 3-5 SECONDS. 7. A. S. D. SMITH (WEST WRATTING, AND JESUS, CAMBRIDGE) "DONE" AFTER WINNING THE THREE-MILES IN 15 MINUTES 8 4-5 SECONDS. 8. A. H. FYFFE (MANCHESTER, AND UNIVERSITY, OXFORD) WINNING THROWING THE HAMMER WITH A THROW OF 128 FEET 6 INCHES. 9. J. H. MORRELL (ETON, AND MAGDALEN, OXFORD) WINNING THE HUNDRED YARDS IN 10 2-5 SECONDS. 10. E. E. LEADER (CHARTERHOUSE, AND TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE) TIED IN THE HIGH JUMP WITH A JUMP OF 5 FEET 7 INCHES. 11. P. M. YOUNG (SOUTH DAKOTA, U.S.A., AND ORIEL, OXFORD) TIED IN THE HIGH JUMP WITH A JUMP OF 5 FEET 7 INCHES. 12. E. E. PAGET-TOMLINSON (ALDENHAM, AND TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE) TIED IN THE HIGH JUMP WITH A JUMP OF 5 FEET 7 INCHES.

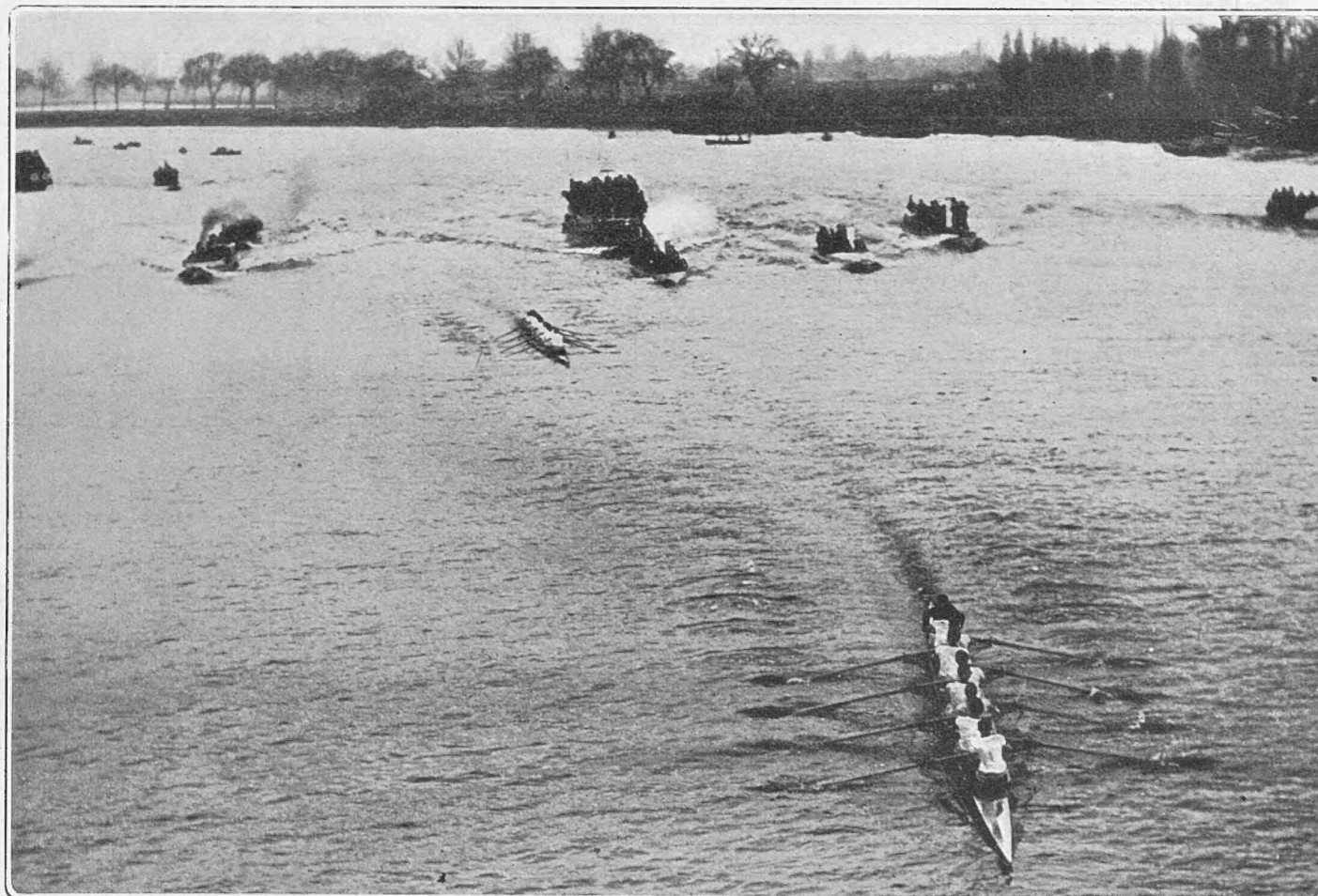
(See "The Mere Man.")

FISHERMEN, MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, AND UNDERGRADUATES AT PLAY:

THE GOLF-MATCH AT SANDWICH, AND THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

FISHERMEN-GOLFERS VERSUS MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT: MR. BALFOUR PUTTING ON THE 3RD GREEN.

The prowess of the fishermen-golfers who met the team of Members of Parliament at Sandwich on Saturday last was first spread abroad some three or four years ago, when it was stated that the fishermen of Inverallochy outplayed most exponents of the Royal and Ancient Game visiting the neighbourhood. At Sandwich the ten members of the team, who had been chosen from a Club membership of 250 fishermen, were opposed to Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Eric Hambro, Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., Mr. W. H. Forster, Mr. A. W. Soames, Sir Henry Seton-Karr, Mr. Wanklyn, Mr. Osmond Williams, Members of Parliament, and Mr. A. Tennyson, one of the clerks of the House of Lords. The representatives of the House of Commons won eight matches against two won by the fishermen. At the close of the play each of the Parliamentarians presented his opponent with a new club, and on those given to George and James Buchan Mr. Balfour wrote his name.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE: THE EIGHTS APPROACHING BARNES BRIDGE, OXFORD LEADING.

What little betting there was in connection with the Boat-race was in favour of Cambridge, a state of things by no means justified by the comparatively easy manner in which Oxford won. The Dark Blues took the lead during the first minute, and increased it steadily, until at the finish they were two and a-half lengths ahead, and rowing splendidly. The time was 20 minutes 35 seconds.

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Luversan MR. TREE.
Lucien Laroque
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STRAND THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, a New Farce in Three Acts, by Lawrence Sterner, OFF THE RANK. Preceded at 8 by THE WATER CURE. MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 2.30.

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	10 17	LEWES	10 10
LONDON BRIDGE	10 22	EASTBOURNE	10 30
	10 22	MARGATE SANDS	10 10
+NEW CROSS	10 30	RAMSGATE TOWN	10 20
EAST CROYDON	10 3	CANTERBURY WEST	11 4
RED HILL	10 28	CANTERBURY SOUTH	11 13
EDENBRIDGE	10 43	DOVER TOWN	11 35
PENSHURST	10 51		11 55
TONBRIDGE	10 58	FOLKESTONE JUNCTION	12 5
CHATHAM (M. L.)	9 45		2 15
STROOD (S.E.)	10 17	FOLKESTONE CENTRAL	12 9
MAIDSTONE BARRACKS	10 38		2 17
MAIDSTONE WEST	10 42		11 50
ASHFORD	11 36	SHORNCIFFE	12 14
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS APRIL 8.

CAVE-DWELLERS OF WESTERN TIBET.
UNIVERSITY ATHLETICS:
THE SPORTS AND THE BOAT-RACE.
THE CENTENARY OF HANS ANDERSEN.

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April 5, 1905.

Signature.....

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



BURY'S 12-YEAR-OLD MAYORESS:
MISS S. M. KAY BUTCHER.

Miss Butcher, who is the daughter of the Mayor, is acting as Mayoress during her father's term of office. Only a few days ago she performed one of those functions rightly belonging to Mayoral dignity by opening a sale of work.

accompanied her two queenly hostesses to many of the charitable institutions which owe their being to Victor Emmanuel's brilliant daughter and the clever French Princess who has done so much in the last fifteen years to improve the lot of the Portuguese poor and suffering. Unfortunately, Queen Marie Amélie had sprained her foot shortly before the Royal visit, and so she was not able to walk much.

King Christian's Birthday. Next Saturday will see a unique gathering at Copenhagen. On that day the venerable King Christian enters his eighty-eighth year, and there will be an interesting assembly of Royalties to do him fitting honour. The Royal birthday is spent in a homely and yet splendid fashion, most of King Christian's descendants being present at the great dinner-party which has been, for many years past, the principal feature of the great day. During their stay in Denmark, many of His Majesty's guests will, doubtless, make an expedition to the Cathedral of Roskilde, the Westminster Abbey of the Danish people. It is there that good Queen Louise is buried, and her devoted daughter and son-in-law never visit Queen Alexandra's native land without journeying to Roskilde.



Queen Alexandra. Queen Amélie of Portugal. Queen Maria Pia.

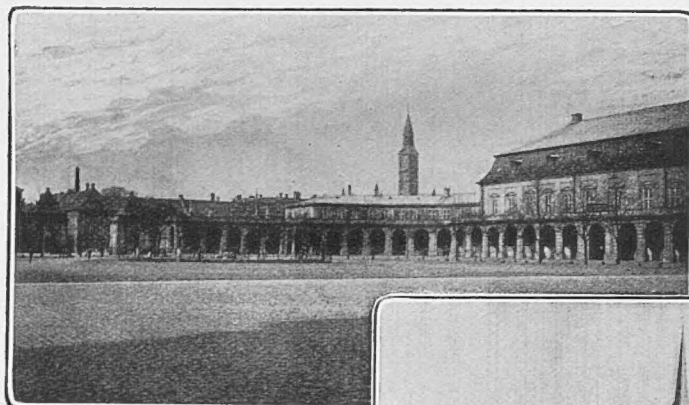
A TRIO OF QUEENS: QUEEN MARIA PIA OF PORTUGAL, QUEEN MARIE AMÉLIE OF PORTUGAL, AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THE GARDENS OF THE CINTRA PALACE, LISBON.

Photograph by Benoit.

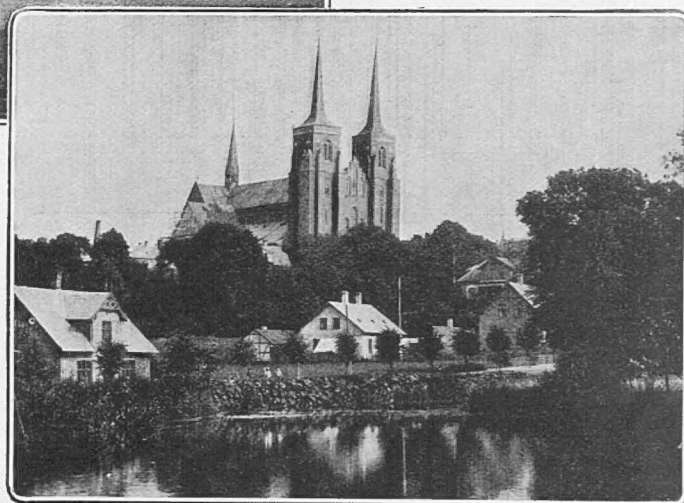
THE King of Portugal had to escort three Queens during Her Majesty's recent visit to Lisbon, for Queen Marie Amélie was helped to do the honours of the beautiful, old-world city by her mother-in-law, Maria Pia. Queen Alexandra

Amongst those children of the veteran monarch who will be in Copenhagen this week will be the Dowager Empress of Russia, and every palace in the picturesque capital will be full to overflowing, while the beautiful stables of which King Christian is so proud will be taxed to their utmost capacity.

The New Whip. Mr. Gerald Loder, the new Government Whip and Junior Lord of the Treasury, is wealthy and popular. He has spoken seldom in the House, but is familiar with all its men and manners, as he has been a member for sixteen years, and has acted as private secretary to two Cabinet Ministers. Strange to say, both his old chiefs are retired Free Traders, Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton. His appointment was a safe one from the point of view of his re-election, for he represents Brighton, which is supposed to be amongst the most Conservative of constituencies. Mr. Loder



THE FESTIVITIES AT COPENHAGEN
IN CELEBRATION OF KING
CHRISTIAN'S 87TH BIRTHDAY: THE
ROYAL STABLES.



THE FESTIVITIES AT COPENHAGEN IN CELEBRATION OF KING
CHRISTIAN'S 87TH BIRTHDAY: ROSKILDE CATHEDRAL,
THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF DENMARK.

is married to Lady Louise de Vere, eldest daughter of the late Duke of St. Albans. It is sometimes said that the acceptable Whip must have a good social position. That qualification, in addition to others, is possessed by Mr. Loder.

The six Whips on the Government side are now Sir A. Acland-Hood, Viscount Valentia, Mr. H. W. Forster, the Marquis of Hamilton, Sir Savile Crossley, and Mr. Loder. A fashionable Party could not be better "whipped" than by these gentlemen. They know about all the social attractions of the Season which may tempt members to neglect Parliamentary duties. Three of them have Treasury posts and three have posts in the Household, but the management of the Party is their chief function.

His Majesty's New Yacht.

The King's new yacht, for which Messrs. Inglis, of Glasgow, have secured the contract, will differ considerably from the *Victoria and Albert*, which, by the way, she will not altogether displace. She will be shorter by a good deal than the old vessel; her draught will be three and a-half feet less, thus enabling her to enter any British port; her displacement will be two thousand tons, against the *Victoria and Albert's* four thousand seven hundred; and, most important of all, she will be fitted with turbine engines. Her speed is to average eighteen and a-half knots.

Half-a-Million by Parcel-Post.

Those who read of the army of detectives who met the famous Cullinan diamond on its arrival at a London terminus, and, in consequence, pictured its being guarded by men armed to the teeth and ready to do or die in its defence, must have been sadly disillusioned by the announcement that it reached this country by registered parcel-post at the cost of three shillings. Such is the romance of trade in these prosaic days!

"Fram."

The greatest and most successful Arctic explorer in modern days, Fridtjof Nansen, heralded his visit to this country brilliantly by his letter to the *Times*. Nansen is a splendid-looking man—indeed, many of his portraits do not do him justice. Over six feet tall, he is that rare thing, a scientist who is also an athlete. He wears his fair hair tossed, Viking-wise, back from his forehead, and he early took as his motto the word which provided his famous vessel with her name, *Fram* (forward). Nansen has many close friends in this country, and he and his beautiful, gifted wife—she is one of the most successful of Swedish singers—often entertain English travellers in their delightful house on the Christiania fjord.



LAST WEEK'S MOST DISTINGUISHED VISITOR TO THIS COUNTRY: DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

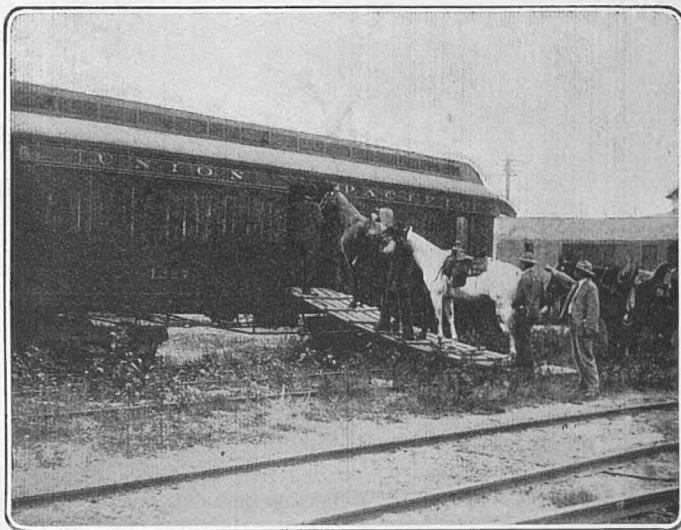
The famous Arctic explorer's keen interest in the Norwegian-Swedish consular question has received additional proof by his exhaustive letter in the "*Times*." Dr. Nansen's statement of the case is not only based on a study of the documents concerned, but is issued only after consultation with reliable authorities.

is at once the shame and glory of beautiful Monaco. The head of the Grimaldis, than whom there is no prouder and older family in the

A Prince of Science.

The Prince of Monaco would have a right to be considered a Prince of Science even were he not the ruler of a State which, in spite of its minute proportions—the Principality of Monaco boasts only of eight square miles—is one of the oldest in the civilised world. By a curious irony of fate, the man who has done so much for oceanography draws the huge revenues which have made it possible for him to make numberless costly experiments in the hitherto unexplored depths of the sea from the gambling establishment which

yachtsman would have found place for a floating banqueting-hall, a billiard-room, a boudoir, and every kind of state room, the Prince has fitted up laboratories, photographic studios, and a library in which may be found every published work concerning the still little-known world which lies under the surface of the seas; while to the intelligent visitor the greatest attraction now held by Monaco is the Prince's marvellous oceanic museum, a serious rival to the wonderful old castle perched up on the rock, where, by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, not only its creator, but all those of his



THE SURVIVAL OF THE TRAIN-ROBBER IN AMERICA: THE BANDIT-HUNTERS LEADING THEIR HORSES INTO A TRAIN WHEN STARTING ON A THIEF-CATCHING MISSION.

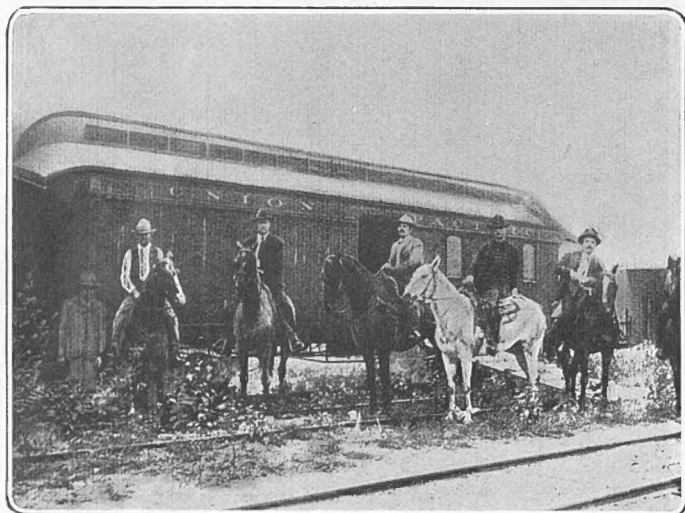
brother scientists who make their way thither, are free to come and study the wonders of the deep.

His Work in Detail.

As to the actual discoveries made by this Prince of Science, it was Prince Albert who first found what is known in the parlance of oceanography as the Atlantic Vortex, and he also who first was able actually to prove the presence of argon in sea-water. Thanks to an ingenious contrivance of his own, he has brought to the surface deep-sea animalculæ—weird-looking creatures whose existence none of his predecessors had even imagined, for below a certain depth are found, of course, types of fish-life differing as greatly from those which live and have their being near the surface of the water as do, say, Europeans from Mongolians.

King Alfonso in England.

The young King of Spain will arrive in London on June 5, and will be the guest of King Edward at Buckingham Palace. A State banquet will be given in his honour, and there will also be a luncheon at the Guildhall and a gala opera-performance at Covent Garden. The Continental papers, by the way, are still busy in announcing the engagement of the young King to the Princess Patricia of Connaught.



THE SURVIVAL OF THE TRAIN-ROBBER IN AMERICA: THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S BANDIT-HUNTERS.

Royal caste, is a man of distinguished personal appearance: his lithe, well-turned figure, steady bright-blue eyes, chestnut hair, and beard now tinged with grey, are characteristic rather of the naval officer than of the ruler of a European State. In a curious book published by him two years ago, and entitled "*The Career of a Navigator*," Prince Albert gave some glimpses of his early life and of his personal point of view. "I was brought up in those simple habits which form a man's judgment, and dispose him to look at privation and contest as probable consequences of life." Further on, he speaks of the fascination of adventure by land and sea, and how at one time he longed to become known as the greatest sportsman of his time. But even in extreme youth the sea claimed the Prince for her own, and immediately after the conclusion of the Franco-German War, in which he distinguished himself as a Volunteer in the French Navy, he began the series of deep-sea experiments which have given him his present place among oceanographers.

The Prince's Yacht and Museum.

Though an English boat, the Prince's first yacht was named the *Hirondelle*, and His Highness, who belongs to the type of workman who can accomplish much with the most indifferent tools, was content for many years to carry on his scientific work from the deck of this simple little yacht. At last, however, he was able to realise the dream of his life by having a fine vessel built especially to his own plans and designs, and arranged entirely with a view to what has become his favourite hobby as well as his life-work. Where the luxurious



THE SURVIVAL OF THE TRAIN-ROBBER IN AMERICA: THE BANDIT-HUNTERS IN THEIR SPECIAL CAR ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Those who, in their innocence, have imagined that the train-robber was a being whose doings are now confined between the tawdry covers of the dime novel may take heart of grace in the realisation of the fact that not only do such criminals still exist, but that they are so prevalent that the Union Pacific Railway Company finds it worth its while to employ a special posse of men to hunt them down. For the truth of what might otherwise be regarded as an American tall-story our photographs vouch.

Photographs by G. G. Bain.

"La Dame aux Camélias."

Apropos of Signora Duse's revival of "La Dame aux Camélias," there is an unpublished anecdote of Dumas fils which is well worth recording. Some time before the play was produced, Dumas visited St. Petersburg, where he got into some slight trouble with the police. A Russian lady of rank went bail for him, as she knew him by reputation in Paris, and the author returned to France. The night before the production of "La Dame aux Camélias," the Russian lady, who had vainly tried to get a seat in the house, decided to send to Dumas, and shortly before the curtain went up he arrived at her hotel with a ticket for a box, which he said he had had great trouble in getting, but which was at her service on condition that she would accept it from him. It was not till some months afterwards that the Russian lady learned that Dumas had sold the manuscript of his play for five pounds in order to buy the box from its original purchaser.

Wedding Bells.

Lord Herbert Scott, the most gifted of the soldier-sons of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, will shortly be married to Miss Marie Edwardes, a niece, we believe, of Mr. George Edwardes. Lord Herbert, who won his "D.S.O." in South Africa, is well known as a brilliant amateur actor, and some of his plays, notably "The Butler," have been successfully produced at private theatricals.

He is, of course, one of the many grandsons of the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who died the other day at the great age of ninety-two. Yet another interesting engagement is that of Lord and Lady Suffield's youngest son, Mr. Assheton Edward Harbord, to an Australian lady, Mrs. Arthur Blackwood, of Melbourne. A pretty country wedding taking place at Easter will be that of Lady Gertrude Molyneux, Lord Sef-ton's sister, and Captain Crawford. The marriage will take place at Croxteth, in Lancashire. A Lenten wedding took place last week (30th) at Gibraltar, the bride being Lady Mabel Murray, and the bridegroom Captain Herbert King Hall, the intimate friend of Prince Louis of Battenberg, who gave the wedding-breakfast on board his flagship the *Drake*.

A New Political Hostess.

Lady Cawdor, the wife of the new First Lord of the Admiralty, whose first visit to a warship was recently the subject of amusing comment, will be a very pleasing and popular addition to the group of great Ministerial hostesses. Before her marriage she was Miss Edith Turnor, of Stoke Rochfort, and she was one of the most beautiful débutantes of her year. As the mother of ten children, Lady Cawdor, both as Lady Emlyn and after her husband succeeded to his Peerage, lived a happy, busy life in famous Cawdor Castle. She will, of course, now



THE WIFE OF THE COUNCILLOR TO THE GERMAN EMBASSY: COUNTESS BERNSTORFF.

Photograph by Bassano.

entertain her husband's Party in the fine rooms which have seen so many historic gatherings at the Admiralty in Whitehall. Lady Cawdor will be helped to do the honours of Lord Cawdor's official residence by her three unmarried daughters, of whom the youngest, Lady Muriel Dorothy Campbell, is one of this year's débutantes.

The Prince of Wales and the Royal United Service Museum.

The always interesting collection at the Royal United Service Institution is the richer by the telescope used by Nelson's Flag-Lieutenant, John Pasco, at the Battle of Trafalgar, which has been presented to it by the Prince of Wales. The instrument that now becomes one of the country's assets was given to the late Duke of Edinburgh, on the occasion of his visit to Australia some years ago.

Of Interest to the Red-haired.

Lady Helen Forbes is evidently bent upon altering the fashion which decrees that hair of a red shade is "the" thing. In a recent article, she points out that with women red hair "seems to run more to wickedness than piety," and cites Cleopatra "the red-haired Greek," Lucrezia Borgia, and Queen Elizabeth. With regard to men, she is more charitable, and argues that "nearly all the great reformers or founders of religions had red hair; history mentions that Mohammed was a red-haired man."

The colour of Moses' hair before it became grey is unknown, but David was distinctly "ruddy." Others mentioned are Louis XIV. and Barbarossa—the original, not the German caricaturist's version of the Kaiser.

An American Countess.

Of the many American heiresses who have married European noblemen boasting of great historic titles, one of the most interesting from every point of view is the young Countess de Castellane, who, as Miss Anna Jay Gould, was one of the wealthiest American

girls in the world. Her marriage created an extraordinary sensation in America, and, needless to say, the unfortunate pair had to run the gauntlet of the Yellow Press. The young Countess soon showed herself possessed of great social tact and charm; she became popular amongst her husband's many friends and relations, and she has shown all the American adaptability to new conditions. Comparatively recently, she became the owner of the famous Château de Marais, and there she has more than once given magnificent entertainments to crowned heads visiting Paris. The Countess's eldest son—who, by the way, was christened "Jay," after his famous American grandfather—will be in days to come one of the richest of living Frenchmen, for his mother's only sister, Miss Helen Gould, is unmarried, and is devoted to the youthful Castellanes.



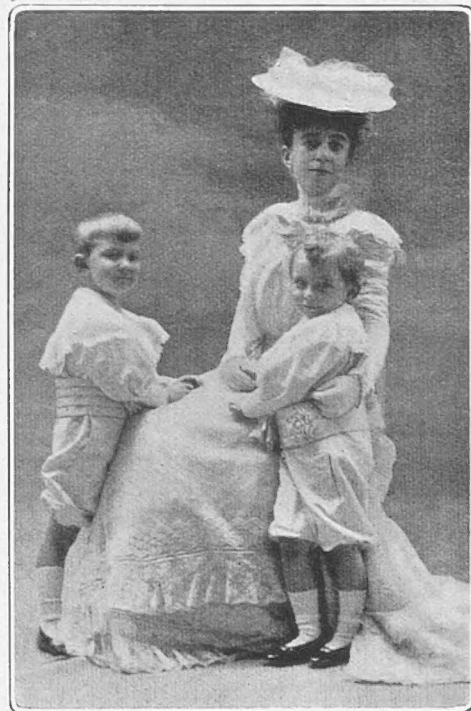
THE BABY CZAREVITCH'S FIRST TOY: A MULTIPLYING MANNIKIN GIVEN TO THE FUTURE CZAR OF RUSSIA BY HIS MOTHER.

The Czarina has just presented her little son with his first toys, a couple of little mannikins possessing the properties of the multiplying eggs and the nests of boxes long familiar to English children. Of one of these figures—that which represents a Russian peasant-woman of the middle ages—and the seven others it contains we give an illustration here; the companion is similar in construction, but is made in the semblance of a man.



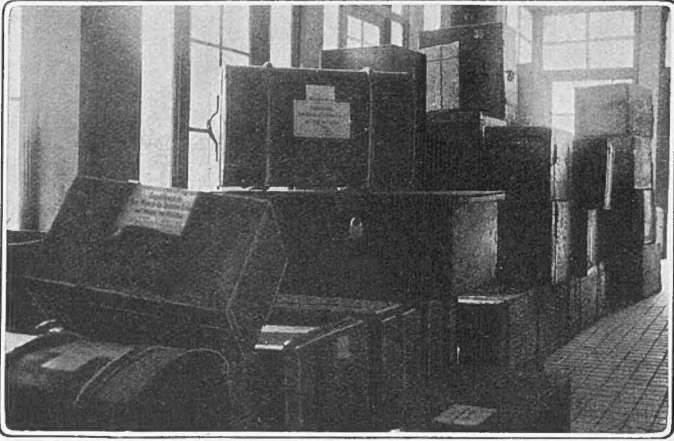
A NEW POLITICAL HOSTESS: COUNTESS CAWDOR.

Photograph by Lafayette.



AN AMERICAN COUNTESS: THE COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE, AND HER SONS.

Photograph by Otto.



TRAVELLING IMPERIALLY: BAGGAGE AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT TAORMINA.

*The Kaiser
"en Voyage."*

The German Emperor travels in truly magnificent fashion: he is said to be the most generous of Royal and Imperial "tippers," and he also comes to foreign Courts well provided with beautiful jewels for the ladies, and snuff-boxes and similar tokens of esteem for those whose duty it is to wait on him during his stay in their midst. Unlike most Sovereigns *en voyage*, the Kaiser does not like to remain faithful to any one itinerary; he often changes his Imperial mind, if he hears of some interesting spot or of some person whom he thinks worthy of a call from him. He has always wished to visit North Africa, and more especially Tangier, and his present tour was planned as long ago as last year.

*The King's Host
for the
Grand National.*

Lord Derby, who, it is said, has been more often honoured by visits from our Sovereign than has any other great noble, might now be a King had the early Victorian bearer of the title thought proper to accept the offer which was made him by the intermediary of Lord Palmerston. "Pam," however, felt sure that the head of the house of Stanley would prefer Knowsley to the Parthenon and Lancashire to the Attic plains. But Lord Beaconsfield, years later, declared that he could not understand the refusal of so great an offer. The owner of Knowsley is very popular in Liverpool, as are also his many children, for the connection of the Stanleys with the famous seaport is of old standing, dating from hundreds of years back. The King for many years past has nearly always honoured Knowsley with a visit during the week of the Grand National, and Lord and Lady Derby are wont to drive their Royal guest to the racecourse in old-world and magnificent style.

*Early Rivals to
Sherlock Holmes.*

The *Academy* has discovered in the works of Charlevoix, the Jesuit explorer of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, an Indian Sherlock Holmes, a dabbler in that practical employment of minute observation that made Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous creation as fascinating as he is fantastic, and proceeds to tell the story of the ingenious manner in which he furnished himself with a description of a thief he had never seen. "The thief, I know, is a little man," he said, "by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon in order to reach the venison . . . and that he is a white man I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. . . . That his dog is small I know by its tracks; and that it has a short tail I discovered by the mark it made in the dust when it was sitting at the time its master was taking down the meat." This is excellent and interesting, but why, when finding parallels to Dr. Boswell Watson's Johnson, omit the worthy Arab of our School-Reader days, who described a straying camel unknown to him as blind in the left eye and minus a tooth or two, supporting his case by the fact that the missing beast had grazed only on the right side of the road, and where it had grazed had left little tufts of grass where it had bitten—to put it in an Irish but expressive manner—with no teeth? Surely so old and picturesque a friend should not be burked!

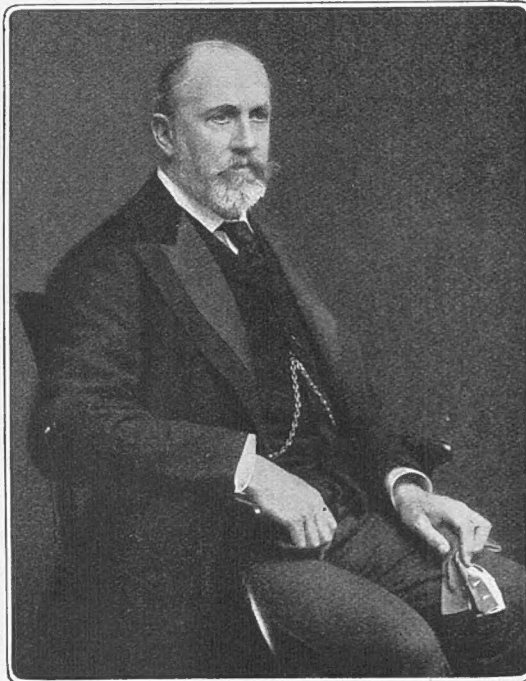
*Sir Hiram Maxim
Loses a Watch.*

Sir Hiram Maxim has made a discovery one would have thought well-nigh impossible in these days of magicians, Oriental and otherwise, whose marvels are apparently without end: he has found a conjurer whose promises are greater than his skill, and he is now a man of little faith,

with a shattered watch to remind him of the fact. His letter of warning is quite pathetic: ". . . he asked that someone should give him a watch; what he wished to do was to smash the watch and return it intact to the owner. I very foolishly handed him mine. . . . The first part of the experiment succeeded admirably, but the last part was a total failure; notwithstanding all the Professor's skill, the watch persisted in remaining in a smashed condition, and is still a smashed and worthless watch." Sir Hiram and the Professor were, doubtless, equally astounded, unless, indeed, the latter was a practical joker, as his name and his lack of knowledge of the rudiments of his art certainly suggest.

*Convicts as Bait
for Cow-Catchers.*

A contemporary devoted to the interests of motorists is responsible for a decidedly American story, which should certainly tempt the illustrators of the *Yellow Press* on the other side. The Automobile Club which has its habitat in the neighbourhood of the famous Sing-Sing Prison has, we are told, suggested a questionable substitute for the electrocution-chair—although, probably, that is not quite how the Club itself would put it, inasmuch as it, apparently, argues that "the object of the experiment is humane," and that the human participators in the said experiment will have "an interesting time." Briefly, the proposal is that the Club shall purchase all the condemned murderers sent to the prison, and save them from electrocution in order that the effects of collision with a car running at full-speed may be tested upon them. The chosen convicts' opinions as to the "interesting time" they are likely to have under these circumstances should be both various and obscene, nor is the sporting chance lent by the provision of cow-catchers on the motors calculated to increase their eagerness to fall in with the idea, any more than is the statement that "though they will eventually be killed, they will have the satisfaction of knowing that their lives have been taken in a good cause—the discovery of an effective life-saving appliance." "Eventually" is not alluring, as Quex would have it, and there are those who may point out that "the satisfaction of knowing," &c., will avail them little after death.



THE KING'S HOST FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL:
THE EARL OF DERBY.

Photograph by Langfrier.

*"Had he been in
France."*

The Boulevardiers of Paris are still talking of an amusing *lapsus linguae* which M. de Flotow, the Chargé d'Affaires of the German Embassy in Paris, made at Amiens, where he was sent to convey his Imperial and active master's condolences to Madame Jules Verne on the occasion of her husband's death. "My august master, had he been in France," said M. de Flotow, "would have made a point of travelling to Amiens on purpose to condole with you himself, for he has always had a great admiration for your late husband's genius and his works." "Had he been in France" has amused Paris not a little, and about the Boulevards the question asked is: "If he had been in France! Does he imagine we are still in 1871?" Officially there may be a desire for *entente cordiale* between France and her neighbour, but in the street the German remains the Parisian's *bête noire*.

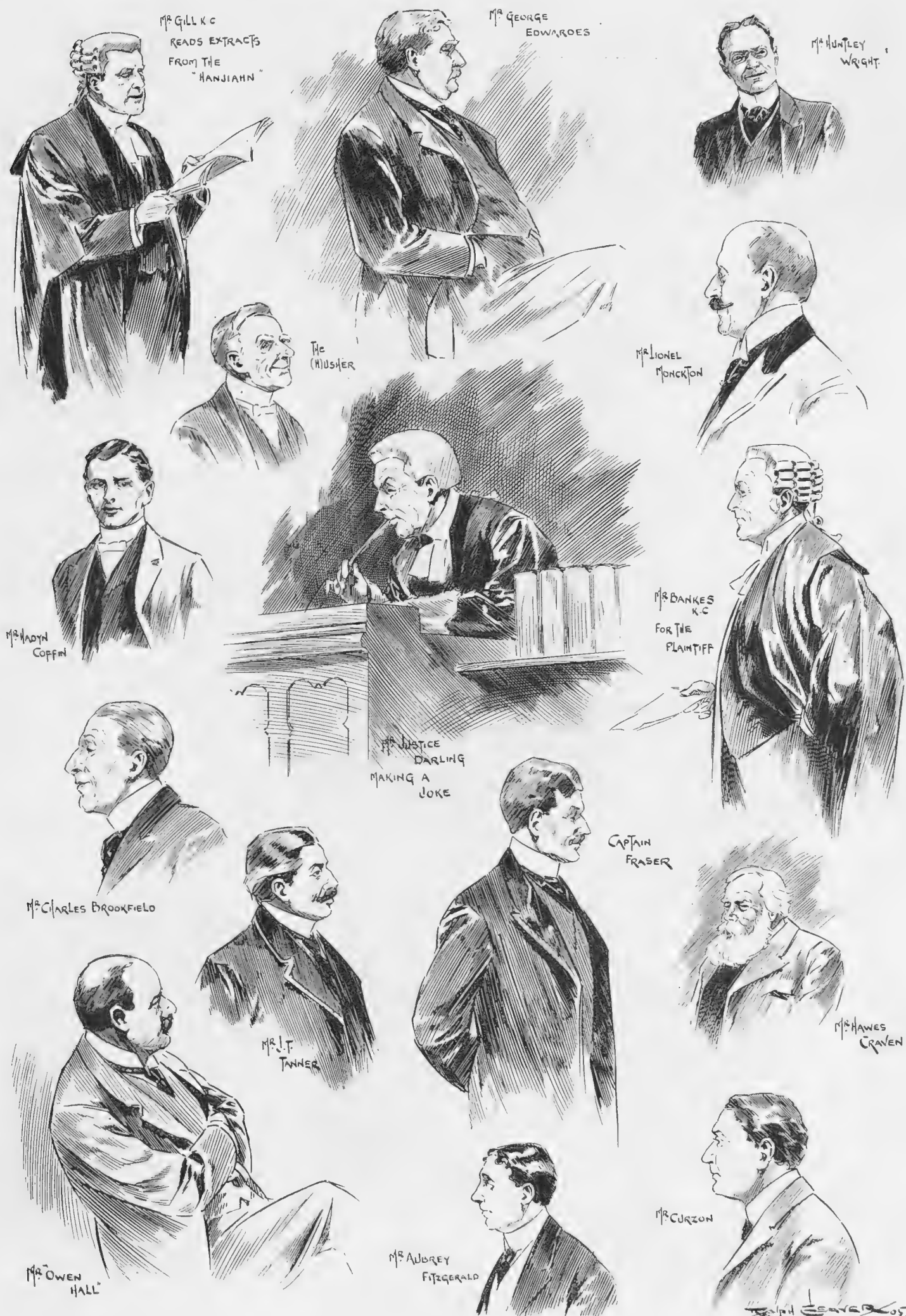


Mr. Watson. Mr. Edwardes. Capt. Hood.

"LOTUS GIRL" VERSUS "CINGALEE": MR. GEORGE EDWARDES, THE DEFENDANT, MR. MALCOLM WATSON, THE DRAMATIC-CRITIC, AND CAPTAIN BASIL HOOD, THE PLAYWRIGHT, LEAVING THE LAW COURTS.

"LOTUS GIRL" VERSUS "CINGALEE":

THE ACTION AGAINST MR. GEORGE EDWARDES.



SKETCHES IN COURT BY RALPH CLEAVER DURING THE TRIAL OF THE FRASER-EDWARDES CASE.

The trial in the King's Bench Division brought together an extraordinary number of literary and theatrical celebrities, and the Court took, as nearly as a Court can, the semblance of a gigantic green-room. Well-known actors and actresses, musicians, and members of the playgoing public alike showed their keen interest in the course of events. Counsel for the plaintiff were Mr. J. Eldon Bankes, K.C., and Mr. E. F. Spence, and for the defendant Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., Mr. Gill, K.C., and Mr. Willis.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

IF hitherto I have not been able to regard the Duke of Orleans quite in the light of a philanthropist, it is because I have chanced on several occasions to be staying in some neighbourhood that he has delighted to honour, and have heard many of his actions discussed freely by a censorious world. But my morning paper has published such a generous offer from the tenant of Woodnorton that I am constrained to repent of my former attitude, and, by adding to the publicity already attained, set out the Duke's claims to a nation's gratitude. Although "King Philippe" is living in luxurious retirement, he is not unmindful of France; she is, so to speak, his spouse, and, like Mr. Micawber, he will never desert her. He has come to the conclusion that the country of his fathers is in a very bad way, that it is threatened by anarchy and other evils, that it has been going downhill for a very long time, and that the hour has come to save it. There is only one man who combines the divine right, the public spirit, the understanding brain, and the capacity for government, and he is ready to forgive France for having overlooked his splendid qualities so long.

The Orleans Programme. In the first place, "King Philippe" is prepared to interest himself in the Army. Even to my own mean intelligence there is little surprising here. So soon as he is restored to his rights, the hope of the French Royalists will offer one arm to his soldiers and the other to Mother Church. The ill-judged people who pass Laws of Associations and seek to rule over their own house will be sternly suppressed. Mother Church will be invited to stretch out her benevolent hand over the erring offspring who have endeavoured to live their own lives without her help, and poor, misguided France will return to the times of the "Bien-Aimé," with all the pomp and circumstance that Mrs. Brown-Potter is showing us to-day at the Savoy Theatre. A fascinating prospect truly, and one that we should have expected a right-minded country to realise without stopping to think. Unhappily, France makes no sign; a few old gentlemen, whose royalty and loyalty matter very little save only to themselves, have read the letter and communicated it to the world—and the Duke of Orleans is not likely to seek a tenant for Woodnorton just yet.

Don Jaime.

Writing of men whose political intelligence seems limited to the framing of manifestoes, I am reminded of another rather ridiculous person, Don Jaime de Bourbon, whose hopes of fulfilling the programme that his equally absurd father handed over to him must be considerably dashed by events now taking place in Spain. Don Jaime is son of the Don Carlos who sought for many years to recover the throne of Spain from the Alfonsist party, but for some time past has found the atmosphere of Venice so soothing to his ambitions that he is content to live there in less state than comfort. Don Jaime is an officer in one of the Russian regiments of Dragoons, and has been in Manchuria, where he does not seem to have gained more distinction than he could carry away with him. Now he is

enjoying the more leisured life of the Riviera, and has been interviewed for a paper there. He could not say much about the war in the Far East, perhaps because he is a Russian officer—possibly he was not close enough to the fighting-line—but he had something to say about the great Russian victory at Kishineff; because his regiment was quartered there at the time of the massacres. "The affair was a small one," he is reported to have said; "it was just an outbreak of anti-Semitism. Who bothers about it now? There are a few less Jews in the world, that's all, and it doesn't matter." And yet people wonder why Don Jaime de Bourbon can find no work to do, outside the ranks of a foreign Army.

Mr. Henniker Heaton.

On Saturday last, April 1 (*absit omen*), Mr. J. Henniker Heaton should have been a proud man, for on that day it became possible to send a letter all the way to Australia for one penny. But for the fact that I know nobody "down under," I should have sent a letter, regardless

of the expenditure. I have friends in other parts of the British Empire, however, and many a time and oft I must have handed an extra three-halfpence to Lord Stanley or his predecessors, but for the worthy Mr. Heaton, who has fought the battle of postal reform very valiantly these many years. Down to the present he has had little reward for his pains, apart from the success of his plans, and yet the man who facilitates correspondence between the scattered sections of our great Empire has done more to deserve reward than—quite a number of distinguished gentlemen you and I could name, and we had the will.

A "Times" Correspondent.

Mr. Walter B. Harris, the *Times* Correspondent in Tangier, has had so many adventures in his day that the recent narrow escape from an assassin's dagger must have come almost in the light of relief from the monotony of an existence that threatened to become humdrum. It is at least two years since Mr. Harris last went in danger of his life,

and that is a long period of tranquillity for the author of "Tafilat." Mr. Harris has had an adventurous career. He has travelled far and wide, knows Syria and Arabia better than most European travellers, and has put more travel in Morocco to his credit than any other Englishman can claim. He speaks Arabic fluently, was for a long time the intimate friend of the present Sultan, and probably knows more about the various Court intrigues than anybody in Tangier. He is the happy possessor of a beautiful house situated a few miles beyond the city gates, but, owing to the proximity of restless tribesmen, he has been compelled to leave it, and seek shelter nearer the town, for the Sultan's resident Minister for Foreign Affairs will not guarantee his safety. Mr. Harris has enjoyed the doubtful honour of being Raisuli's prisoner, and the more definite privilege of being the one Englishman who has penetrated unaided to the mysterious city of Sheshawan and the far-off oases of Tafilat—where the dates come from, as Charley's Aunt might have remarked.



Prince Leopold.

Major von Gramon.

Captain von Faber.

A SCENE SUGGESTIVE OF "OLD HEIDELBERG": THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S FAVOURITE SON-IN-LAW, PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria, though only a second son—for it is his elder brother who will ultimately become King of the romantic kingdom which has Munich for capital—is an important personage owing to the fact that he is the favourite son-in-law of the Emperor of Austria. His Royal Highness's marriage to the Archduchess Gisela took place exactly thirty-two years ago, and the venerable Francis Joseph is fondly attached to this excellent Royal couple's four children.

Photograph by Dietrich, Munich.

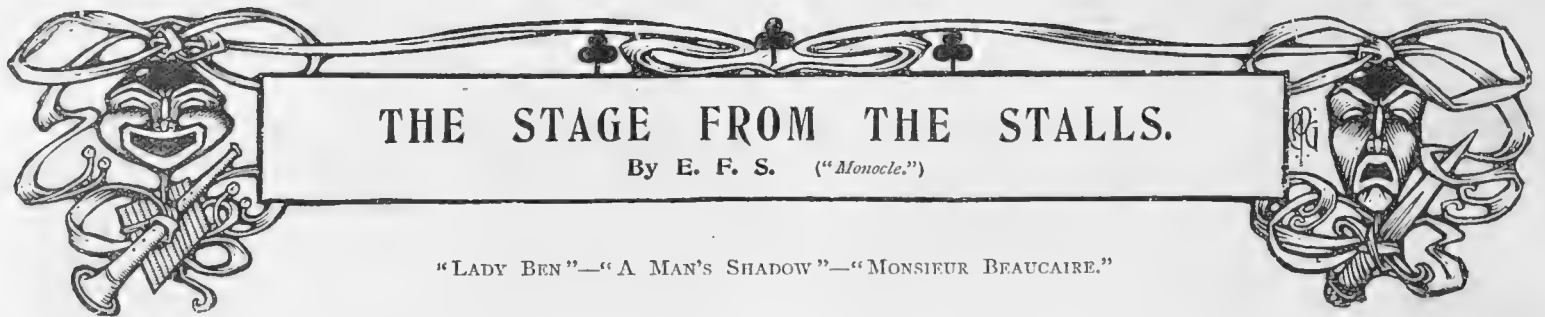
THE HUMOURIST OF THE JUDICIAL BENCH:
THE CHIEF ACTOR IN THE FRASER-EDWARDES CASE.



[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

MR. JUSTICE DARLING, BEFORE WHOM, AND A SPECIAL JURY, THE FRASER-EDWARDES ACTION WAS TRIED.

Mr. Justice Darling, as a contemporary neatly put it the other morning, "from beginning to end thoroughly and characteristically enjoyed himself" during the progress of the Fraser-Edwardes case. Never, perhaps, did his Lordship find opportunity for so many jokes, and he kept the court in an even more constant ripple of laughter than does Mr. Plowden. Even summing-up proved too much for his gravity, and he amused the court by remarking: "The plaintiff wrote the whole of the musical comedy—but did not go to a Cambridge Professor for the lyrics, and was, therefore, called an amateur." (Laughter.) He also suggested, in connection with the similarity between the ideas of one author and another, that "if they went to see a Landseer they would expect a horse or a stag, and if they were lucky they might get both" (Laughter); and, again, "Captain Fraser admitted that he had no property in the East, and even if he had he would have been supplanted by Mr. Rudyard Kipling; and if Mr. Kipling had left anything Mr. Anstey would have taken it." (Laughter.)



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"LADY BEN"—"A MAN'S SHADOW"—"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE."

PUTTING aside the "Cingalee" case, which has thrown a lurid light upon the conceivable artistic value of musical comedy and should prove to be the last nail in the coffin of that hybrid form of entertainment, the most interesting affair of the week was the production of "Lady Ben" at the Comedy Theatre. Mr. George P. Bancroft by his other work has proved himself to

be a dramatist of value, and, indeed, has lost his claim to the amiable consideration due to the beginner. He displays such qualities that one cannot help warning him against the defects of them. First of all, the reception of "Lady Ben" was less favourable than otherwise would have been the case, simply because he does not know when to stop. Almost every scene outstays its welcome: there is no popular fallacy so grossly untrue as the one involved in the phrase that you cannot have too much of a good thing—too much of a good thing is even worse than a fast. Secondly, he clings to now old-fashioned ideas. Ingenuity was the curse of comedy at the time when Mr. Bancroft was a boy. His trick of the substitution of a bundle of

phrase, "*reculer pour mon mieux sauter.*" The producer would, I believe, admit without hesitation that Buchanan's version of the Ambigu melodrama is by no means worthy of the traditions of His Majesty's Theatre. But Royalty had desired to see it, so that Portugal might know that we possess a glorious national drama, so, after being put to the trouble of mounting it, one cannot be surprised if Mr. Tree gave it a little run for its third edition. Moreover, his Luversan, his picture of the shabby-genteel French scoundrel, is one of the cleverest and most entertaining of his wonderful character-studies, and he gives a very vivid, amusing study of the ruffian. Of the business of doubling the parts one does not write with enthusiasm. A play might be written in which the doubling of parts would enable a player to give a piece of really subtle, fine acting. As far as I know, it has not been written yet, and probably, if it were, the actor in search of strong effect would ignore the intentions of the author and render it difficult to imagine that anybody could mistake the one Dromio for the other.

Many playgoers will revel in the energetic acting of Mr. Fernandez during the trial-scene, in which, as an advocate, he finds himself in an appalling dilemma. It may be admitted, without reservation, that he really moved the house. Still, and although some other parts were capitally presented, one cannot regard the piece as more than a stop-gap or pretend to be enthusiastic concerning the production.

Mr. Lewis Waller is lucky to have in stock such a useful stop-gap as "Monsieur Beaucaire," a piece in which he shows himself at his best and charms everybody. Moreover, the work, which began with no very great freshness, has consequently little to lose. Like the picture-hats and dresses of the ladies, a play such as "Monsieur Beaucaire" is never "up-to-date," and, therefore, never out-of-date, and the playgoer of to-day—and, indeed, probably of the year 1915—is as likely to enjoy it as were the crowded houses to which its first long run was given. The weak spot in it is that it needs Mr. Waller for the name-part. To me it seems unimaginable without the actor so peculiarly fitted for it—doubtless, one should say, "by it." Fortunately, he is in the cast, and by his art contrives to make even the Chauvinist forget to be wrathful at the scurvy way in which the English gentlemen are handled by the American playwrights: what courage to have presented the play in this country! It is needless to say that Mr. Waller's Prince of France is quite as irresistible as at first, and shows no signs that constant playing has rendered his touch any heavier. Miss Eva Moore appears in the part originally played by Miss Grace Lane charmingly. Comparison is needless. Certainly everybody will be delighted by her dainty, light method in the earlier scenes, and by the admirable art with which she plays the remainder in a deeper key, and brings out a real touch of pathos, almost passion: one cannot wonder at the enthusiasm of the house. It must be added that the rest of the cast is excellent.



"LADY BEN," AT THE COMEDY:
MISS DOROTHY GRIMSTON, WHO PLAYS
PAMELA BARSTOWE.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

receipts tied up with pink ribbons for a packet of compromising letters which they resembled in appearance would have made the success of any comedy given at the time when I began to write about the stage, and the device of causing the handwriting of a father to resemble that of his son, so that the one at the vital moment could take on himself the peccadillo of the other, would have passed, though without causing enthusiasm. Nowadays, one feels that this kind of thing is tricky and insincere, and that the characters contrived to take advantage of it necessarily are not according to nature.

It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Bancroft that, starting with such a matter as his foundation, he should have kept his play so fresh, and have given, during the first half at least, some characters which, if not startlingly rich in real life, are interesting and fairly human. The pity is that these characters when moving towards a pure comedy are suddenly arrested in the middle. It is remarkable—almost unique—that the "juvenile lead," though very fully developed, should almost disappear during two Acts. He, as the young man of family who falls in love with the charming, ill-treated wife of a baronet, and, for a while, has the idea of marrying her if she can get a divorce, is drawn very agreeably, and Mr. Charles Maude played the part in such a manly, simple, easy fashion as to charm the house. Miss Darragh, doomed to a sort of adventuress part, represented Lady Ben with a good deal of power and skill, but certainly exhibits—as the result, doubtless, of playing too many conventional characters—a trace of a stagey, melodramatic manner peculiarly undesirable in the second half of the piece. Miss Betty Callish, one of the pupils from Mr. Tree's Academy, earned a round of applause by her clever performance as a French maid: one is not surprised by a little over-acting which she should deal with. Another new-comer—to me, at least—was Miss Cooper, an agreeable *ingénue*. The "old hands," such as Mr. Beveridge, Mr. Frank Cooper, and Miss Fanny Coleman, gave a good account of themselves.

"A Man's Shadow," Mr. Beerbohm Tree's latest revival, exhibits very well his reliance upon the policy embodied in the French



"LADY BEN," AT THE COMEDY:
MISS DARRAGH, WHO PLAYS LADY ALLIX.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

THE "SKETCH" PORTRAITS.—I.



MISS OLIVE MORRELL, JUNE (A GIPSY GIRL) IN "THE TALK OF THE TOWN."

DRAWN BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.

THE HEROINE OF "EVERYBODY'S SECRET."



MISS JESSIE BATEMAN,

WHO IS PLAYING NEIL IN THE ADAPTATION OF "LE SECRET DE POLICHINELLE," NOW RUNNING AT THE HAYMARKET.

Miss Bateman made her début at the Globe Theatre, at that time under the control of Mr. F. R. Benson, in 1880, and during an eight years' engagement with that actor-manager appeared in every play he produced. She then joined Mr. Charles Hawtrey at the Comedy, following this with a tour in South Africa as a leading member of one of Mr. George Edwardes's Companies, and another in the United States under Mr. Charles Frohman. After this came a season with Mr. Penley, as the heroine of "A Little Ray of Sunshine," and then, in 1899, her appearance with Mr. Hawtrey in "A Message from Mars." Her career since that time is so generally known that there is no need to give it in detail.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

ONE OF "THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS" AT DALY'S.



MISS MAGGIE MAY,

WHO IS ANNOUNCED TO PLAY ONE OF THE TWO HEROINES IN MR. HENRY HAMILTON'S ADAPTATION OF "LES P'TITES MICHUS."

As we stated in "The Sketch" some time ago, an adaptation of M. Messager's "Les P'tites Michus" will form the successor to "The Cingalee" at Daly's, and rehearsals are in progress. Miss Maggie May and Miss Adrienne Augard will play the heroines, around whom, it is said, a strong and sequent story has been written.

Photographs by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

RIVAL MUDLARKS!



THE MUDLARK (*to the old gentleman who has fallen from the breakwater*): No good, Guv'ner; ye're too late. I've got the 'apenny.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

CURTAINS CARICATURED: III.—THE PROBLEM PLAY.

TYPICAL FINALES AS SEEN BY THE COMIC ARTIST.



"THE NECESSITY OF APPEARING INNOCENT."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE two volumes with which Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff brings to a close his "Notes from a Diary" are very welcome. They embrace the period from 1896 to Jan. 23, 1901, and complete the fourteen volumes of the series, which is published by Mr. John Murray. It would be absurd to say that the fourteen volumes will live. For one thing, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff has not given himself away sufficiently. No diary will live unless the writer is more than frank, and on many points our author is more than reticent. Besides, there is a great deal that is neither edifying nor diverting in these pages—many otiose and trifling entries, many useless extracts, much amateur botany, and the like. But it is a high compliment to say that two volumes judiciously selected from the fourteen might go on living with books like Mrs. Thrale's anecdotes of Dr. Johnson.

The tone of the Diaries is complacent throughout, but they record the life of a man who has not succeeded as he might have succeeded. Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff has done fairly well: he has occupied one or two posts of distinction, and he has kept in close contact with the ruling class. He is also indubitably accomplished in certain directions. But his career has been marred by that gentility which is the curse of so many. He started out as a Radical Democrat, but he was genteel from the beginning, and that was fatal. He is very advanced in his religious opinions, occupying, probably, the same position as Renan, but he has vehement Catholic sympathies, or, at least, he has fallen in love and remains in love with Mrs. Craven's "Récit d'une Sœur." The reconciliation is too difficult. Again, though he has read a great deal, he is most curiously limited, and on essential points strangely ignorant. His own essays in literature are, on the whole, thin and trite. Where he has succeeded is in putting down a considerable number of good stories, repartees, and epigrams heard by himself. Many of them are not new, but the proportion of novelties is gratifying and unusual.

Sir Mountstuart's limitations are strikingly illustrated in his estimate of Mrs. Hemans. He complained to Professor Saintsbury about that critic's "over-laudation of Miss Christina Rossetti." "I maintained that I could find twenty short poems by Mrs. Hemans superior to any twenty similar ones that could be selected from the writings of the, no doubt, gifted lady whom he places so much above her." We all say foolish things, but few of us would print so foolish a thing as that. Sir Mountstuart's taste in poetry is for a good, sentimental, minor poetry like that of the late Dean Alford and Whittier. He has a poor opinion of Browning.

A saying by Lord Kelvin is suggestive. He thought many of the middle-age stories about the sudden disappearance of magicians,

who were supposed, naturally enough, to be carried off by the Devil, had a real foundation in an age when chemistry was most imperfectly understood. Men would be constantly trying experiments which even very young students would now know to be certain to lead to most terrific results.

This is a curious conversation which took place between Gladstone and Dean Lake about the late Lord Iddesleigh—

GLADSTONE. What is wanting in Northcote is manhood.

LAKE. Oh, but I heard him make an excellent speech the other day when the room was filled with his opponents.

GLADSTONE. Anyone can stand up to his opponents. Give me the man who can stand up to his friends.

LITERARY MISFITS.



POSSIBLE EDITORS OF POSSIBLE PAPERS. II.—THE EDITOR OF "THE GIRL'S HEMISPHERE" AND "THE LITTLE TOTS' MAGAZINE."

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.

It was Mr. Gladstone who checked Sir Mountstuart's political career. Gladstone was expected to make Grant-Duff a member of his Cabinet, and did not. The result has been very perceptible. In these volumes Sir Mountstuart avoids controversial matters as far as possible, but he lets us see what he really thinks of Gladstone. When we find that he brackets Gladstone with Brougham, "who was once so tremendous a personage in English public life and is now little more than a name," we know all. Encyclopædias could not say more. Again, we are told that "everyone behind the scenes knew that Gladstone liked flattery as much as he disliked flattering others, however great. He left that to his rival, who made consummate use of it."

When Zola was in London, a humourist known to him declared he had been ill for a whole week trying to compose an epigram about Zola

and Gorgonzola. He failed, but Jowett made something of it. This was his riddle—

My first is a monster, my second a beast,
My whole the conclusion of many a feast—Gorgonzola.

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, many years ago, found himself at a Club in Edinburgh, where he fell into conversation about Russia with a youth who put forward some views in which he could not acquiesce. "Oh," said this personage, "it is all very well for you to say that you do not agree with me, but I know all about it. I have just been reviewing Wallace's 'Russia.'" "And I have just been writing it," was the natural reply. The speaker lived to be very famous; he was R. L. Stevenson.

Of Mr. A. J. Balfour's literary taste we have one or two interesting glimpses. He is an ardent admirer of Bagehot, and finds a quarter of an hour over Sainte-Beuve an infallible recipe for cheerfulness. It is well and very well to possess an infallible recipe for cheerfulness.

OUR COMIC ARTIST PAINTS A "REAL PICTURE" FOR THE ACADEMY.



THE VISITOR : It's not meant to be comic, is it ?

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A JUST IMPEDIMENT.

By HAROLD OHLSON.



The poet, his fur-lined overcoat buttoned over his chest, boldly faced the bitter wind that blew in from the sea. Half of a dark-red sun was hidden in the

murk of a winter sky; the cold was intense, but Gerald was filled with a fine elation as he gazed over the waste of grey water. For the moment, he felt as a monarch overlooking his kingdom; he was confident of Viking ancestors; he knew Christine was watching him; he hoped his nose was not red.

Christine had explained to him that the car had been stopped on the cliff in order that Mr. Finducane might crawl under it and hit it with a hammer. She added that it seemed to her a mean thing to do. But, while Gerald perfected an attitude, she was urging the mechanic to hit harder: the situation was exposed. In spite, however, of her encouragement and advice, it was a considerable time before the cheerful countenance of Mr. Finducane appeared, to announce that he "thought she'd do now." The descendant of the Vikings was glad to tuck his legs under the wraps, and find the distance that separated him from a comfortable fire lessening.

Gerald, coming on a visit to the Hartovers, had been met at the station by the pride and hope of that family (so Christine described herself) and her cousin, Bob Finducane. They had whirled the unhappy poet, something of a hot-house plant, many miles over a frozen country, in order, as they explained, that he might acquire an appetite for his dinner. In vain Gerald had promised them that he would have one ready in time. Bob assured him of the superiority of cold air taken in large quantities over sherry-and-bitters, and Christine announced that she could never really respect a man who could not eat his dinner. So Gerald shivered, but said no more.

All the previous acquaintance he had enjoyed with Christine had gone to show him that she was the only woman in the world whom he could rely on to make him happy. It was his great purpose to live surrounded by objects of beauty; his flat in town was a feast for the eye. And Christine—dainty, graceful, laughing Christine—would be strictly in keeping with his furniture. He wanted beauty that would not fade; he could fancy other women growing old and losing their charm, but not, strangely enough, Christine. It was chiefly for that reason, he persuaded himself, he wished to marry her. (He was not really foolish; even wise, according to his lights. But his lights had pink shades over them.)

In order that she might not lose any of the respect and admiration he knew she must feel for him, he climbed into the car without asking Mr. Finducane not to drive too fast, and with a great resolve to eat a good dinner.

When they arrived at the house, they were greeted only by Mr. Hartover; their hostess had contracted a chill while on a visit to a friend and could not travel in such inclement weather. Gerald, in after days, wondered that he, with such sensitive perceptions, had felt no premonition of evil at the mention of Mrs. Hartover. He marvelled that he had regarded the incident as trivial. Perhaps his perceptions were not so sensitive when his feet were cold.

Dinner was not to him a pleasure unmingled with sorrow. He had so etherealised Christine that to see her eat heartily gave him pain; also, he had so etherealised himself (the term is not, of course, medical) that for him to eat heartily meant more pain. That the two feelings were distinct was evident; but, as neither was a fitting subject for verse, they irritated him. He only loved to be miserable in hexameters. But for Christine's sake he endured to the end, even to the dessert. Then he rested from his labours, feeling that he had, indeed, earned his rest.

After dinner, Gerald succeeded in isolating Christine and himself, and deep gloom settled on Bob Finducane. He could not understand how Christine tolerated the fellow—"a miserable sort of chap," was Bob's opinion.

"Christine is getting very friendly with the celebrated poet," he remarked to Mr. Hartover.

"Yes," replied that gentleman, meditatively stroking his beard.

"He talked awful rot at dinner," continued Bob, as if seeking the secret of the poet's charm. "Said the fret and hurry of the present day—I wonder if the car suggested it?—said it was ruining society."

"Society likes being ruined," said Mr. Hartover, cheerfully.

"For himself, he said, he liked solitude and peace. A quiet cavern in some distant hillside was—was his ticket. I say, I wish he'd get one."

"He would reserve it for summer-time."

"That's what Christine said, and it made him awfully wild," chuckled Bob. "Told him he had better choose one with a Southern aspect. Said some of them were dug so carelessly."

Mr. Hartover smiled and moved towards the pair in the far corner of the drawing-room. He had decided that he ought to have a share in his guest's conversation. He may have been influenced by his duty as a host, or as a father, or as uncle to Bob Finducane. In any case, Gerald was annoyed; he could see he was amusing Christine—he was not sure of this big, quiet man with the long beard. He fancied he might prove more difficult to fascinate.

Although Bob could not understand it—and the objection is serious—it is certain that during the first couple of days of Gerald's visit Christine endured much of his society with apparent resignation, even with lightness of heart. It must be remembered, if Bob forgot it, that the fellow was something of a celebrity, and his well-known worship of beauty could not but bring some satisfaction to Christine. Bob, usually so cheerful, could find no reason for dispelling the gloom that had settled on him.

It was on the third day, and in the dusk of the afternoon, that Gerald and Christine happened to be alone together in the drawing-room, watching the flame of a great fire leap and flicker, casting so cheerful a light into the room that Christine had stoutly opposed the designs of a servant who had entered with matches.

For once Gerald had forgotten the value of words—his words—and had sat in silence for some time meditatively considering the tea-cup in his hands. It was Christine who spoke first.

"I believe we have both been dreaming," she said.

"Dreams are the wings that bear us to the pleasant lands; to the castles and fairy palaces," said the poet.

"Or to your cave?" asked Christine.

"No; I was dreaming of a beautiful house, with bright flowers and old trees round it; with the sunlight streaming through great windows, giving life and youth to the fancies of dead painters on the walls; a house filled with the treasures that Art gives to her servants; and with, above all—" Gerald hesitated, for once at a loss for some effective suggestion.

Christine, serenely obtuse, suggested the roof.

"No," said Gerald, putting down his tea-cup and smiling faintly. "Someone to pour out the tea."

The fire had sobered to a bright glow; in the shadow Christine sat motionless. Gerald recognised an advantage, and was preparing to go into the matter more thoroughly, when the door was opened.

"What, all in the dark?" came in cheerful tones from the doorway.

"Mother!" cried Christine, jumping up. "We did not expect you until to-morrow."

"Oh, I'm all right again now. Dear Mrs. Burton was so kind. A sweet woman. She knows at least a hundred certain cures for a cold, and I've tried them all."

Mrs. Hartover had not noticed Gerald in the darkness, and for a moment Christine, a little anxious about the situation, hesitated to introduce him. A flood of light fell on the two ladies through the open door. Gerald stood in the shadow, rigid, his hands gripping a chair-back, staring wide-eyed as at a ghost.

He was watching Christine's mother.

And all that evening he was enveloped in a dark cloud of silent meditation. He seemed to avoid Christine, and when he parted from Mr. Hartover for the night told him that he was very sorry that circumstances compelled him to bring his visit to a close on the following day.

The night brought no change in his plans, nor in the appearance of secret sorrow that Christine had remarked the evening before. He ate nothing at breakfast, and decided on an early train. Bob drove him to the station in the car—by quite the shortest way—and seemed to find all his old cheerfulness as he stood with Christine on the platform and watched the train moving out.

"Poet chap seems to have got the blues," he said. "Come along, Chris; we'll go back along the cliff and make her rattle."

Christine watched the last carriage disappear, thoughtfully silent, and then went back to the car.

They made her rattle.

So the poet went back to town, and Christine dwelt in the country. She could forget; indeed, other matters occupied her attention so completely that she quite forgot. But he went less among his friends, and the sorrowful note wailed louder through his verses. There was in them now the tragedy of an idol shattered, a goddess proved but clay, and yet compelling worship. Time, often before his friend in like trouble, brought him now no relief. Several days passed, and still he hung about the door of his dream-palace, fearful of entering, yet unable to stride boldly away. He felt he dared not marry with the conviction that one day love, as he knew it then, would cease to be. Marriage meant close companionship for life, yet why should that deter him? He could see Christine; picturing in his mind her graceful and charming figure. But there beside her was her mother; and in all likelihood, in after years, when his eyes must constantly dwell on her, she would be like her mother—

And her mother was the fattest woman he had ever seen.

On a bright February morning, about a week after he left the Hartovers, Gerald, utterly wearied of the ceaseless wrangling in his mind of "I will" and "I won't," and the mournful wailing of "I wish

I could," went out to find consolation. Knowing renunciation to be wisdom, yet clinging to folly, the idea had come to him that his friend Felix, painter and misogynist, who held all women in contempt for having seen the starved soul of one, might sour for him the cup of the sweetness of love fulfilled, so that he might the more easily set it down untasted.

Felix, busy on a masterpiece, greeted him kindly, but without warmth, and went on with his painting. Gerald flung himself into a chair, and sat in moody silence.

"Written any verses lately?" presently inquired the artist.

"Yes," sighed the poet.

"Cheer up," urged Felix. "It shows a good heart to be sorry afterwards."

Gerald was too miserable to retaliate, and began to wander aimlessly about the studio. Presently he stood before a picture resting on an easel in a corner and looked long at it, wondering at a feeling of recognition of the face of the woman painted there.

"Who is this?" he asked, presently.

Felix looked up sharply, then turned to his work again.

"An old picture of mine," he said, briefly.

"So bad that the lady wouldn't have it?"

"So good that I wouldn't part with it," retorted Felix. "Christine Hartover called yesterday, and I got it out to show her. It was her mother, you know."

"Her mother!" gasped Gerald. "But she's fat—enormously fat."

"She was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"But I saw Mrs. Hartover a week ago, and she is——"

"Christine's step-mother. What's up?"

The poet had seized his hat. In a moment all his doubts had been dissipated. He trod on air. He must go to Christine at once, throw himself at her feet, and pour out his love. His troubles were over.

But the deep voice of Felix came again from behind his easel.

"Christine came for my congratulations. She is just engaged to young Finducane."

Gerald dropped back into a chair; Felix, disturbed again, came towards him.

"What's the matter with you to-day?" he asked.

"I—I haven't been very well lately. I think I'd better get home."

"Have a drop of brandy," suggested Felix.



WHY WASTE MONEY ON MATINÉES WHEN YOU CAN IMITATE THE REAL THING PERFECTLY
WITH THE AID OF A GRAMOPHONE AND A HAT OR TWO?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHILE almost all his fellow-dramatists seek short titles for their plays, a fact which anyone may verify by looking at the list "Under the Clock," Mr. J. M. Barrie maintains his partiality for long ones with a sub-title, or something very like it, for his new play, which will be seen for the first time this evening at the Duke of York's, is called "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire: A Page from a Daughter's Diary." Mr. Barrie has described it as "a play of to-day," a fact which gives an added interest to Miss Ellen Terry's reappearance at the West-End of London. If her production of "The Good Hope" in the provinces and the suburbs is excepted, we must go back to that season at the Lyceum which gave us "The Medicine Man," by Mr. R. S. Hichens and the late Dr. Traill, for Miss Terry's last appearance in a modern part. Playgoers, however, with long memories and students of the drama or of the careers of contemporary players will recall that before Miss Terry joined Sir Henry Irving in their interesting association she by no means infrequently acted in modern plays, one of her most successful characters being Lilian Vavasour in "New Men and Old Acres," a part, by the way, which was also acted by Mrs. Kendal. In connection with that play it is interesting to recall that Mr. Fred Terry probably spoke for the first time on any stage in it, for he acted the part of the boy with Miss Terry.

In addition to Miss Terry, the cast of Mr. Barrie's play will include such well-known actors as Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who will have played in three successive Barrie plays, Miss Lettice Fairfax, Mr. A. E. Matthews, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, and Mr. Gerald Du Maurier.

Meantime, if there happen to be any people who have not seen "Peter Pan," but who desire to do so, the opportunity will be afforded them on and after Dec. 14 next, for Mr. Frohman has already advertised the revival of the play—a record, surely, in the matter of theatrical announcement.

Interest in Mr. Martin Harvey's promised production of "Hamlet" at the Lyric Theatre on May 22 will be stimulated, to no inconsiderable extent, by the fact that Mr. Stephen Phillips will appear as the Ghost, a special arrangement having been come to to that end. In this part, Mr. Phillips once made a great success with Mr. F. R. Benson, with whom, as playgoers are aware, the poet was associated for many years. At that time, whatever may be the case now, it used to be Mr. Benson's custom to make constant changes in the parts played by the various members of the Company, and Mr. Phillips is said to have

played every part in "Hamlet," with the exception of the Prince and the First Gravedigger. At one time, in particular, he used to play Rosencrantz or Guildenstern, and Mr. William Mollison, who on Monday evening began his "starring" tour at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool, in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," used to play the Ghost.



DAN LENO AS A SCENE-PAINTER: ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF HIS ART.

It will be remembered that we have already remarked upon the late Dan Leno's abilities as a scene-painter, and have illustrated the remark by the reproduction of a back-cloth by him. We are now able to show another example of this particular work of the "King's Jester," part of a panorama on which he was occupied for four years. This is to be sold by auction shortly.

Miss Maxine Elliott is so beautiful a woman and her acting has such a simple directness that she is sure of a warm welcome when she makes her appearance at the Lyric Theatre on Easter Monday in "Her Own Way," a play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, which she has been acting all the season in the United States. She will bring the Company which has been playing with her, so that, whatever may be the result, there will be that ensemble in the acting which comes from the players being thoroughly at home with each other's work. Amongst the members of her Company who are more or less known to London audiences are Miss Nellie Thorne, Mr. Charles Cherry, and Mr. R. C. Herz, while in Miss Fanny Addison Pitt playgoers of the older generation will recall an actress who, at one time well known in London, has been for many years associated with the American stage.



"AMERICA'S LADS IN BLUE," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: DRAGGING A WOUNDED MAN OVER A WALL.

The Hippodrome's new spectacle is designed to illustrate the American soldier at work. To quote the official description, the exuberance of which the producers have certainly made every effort to justify, "The curtain rises on a fortification, and the boys in blue are followed through shifting scenes to the evening bugle-call, when the full-orbed silver moon rises majestically over the distant hilltops. Then come lighthouse signals. Guards change, and later on an enemy's warship heaves in sight and begins bombarding the fort. Excitement rises to fever-heat as the boys in blue rush to their guns, and anon the attacking ship is blown out of the water by Yankee torpedoes, while the welkin rings with the shouts of the jubilant victors, and the electrified air is filled with showers of American flags."

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

and Miss Mary Moore are said to have returned from America with some eight thousand pounds each over and above what they earned by their professional abilities.

The doings of favourite actors and actresses off the stage are always an unending source of interest to the public; but there are degrees even of that interest. It has been conspicuous of late even in the charmed circle of the theatre itself with regard to certain highly esteemed and popular members of the fraternity, who are reported to have been speculating both wisely and well. Miss Marie Dainton, for instance, is credited by rumour with having been the lucky winner of what may be considered a large fortune, while Sir Charles Wyndham

KEY-NOTES

THE Philharmonic Society gave the second concert of its ninety-third year of existence, under the direction of Dr. Frederic Cowen, last week. The "Philharmonic" is nothing if not progressive. Even Beethoven recognised that fact by his acceptance of the invitation made to him by this Society to compose a special Symphony for a performance in the hall which was then known by the name of the "Hanover Rooms." That Symphony was no less than the Ninth, and the Society was kind enough to provide everything for the great musician, as he lay upon his death-bed. There is a legend that he, absolutely deaf, sat upon a chair near the first-violinist, attempting to listen to the work, the ultimate work of his magnificent inspiration. But he heard nothing; when the applause at the end of the first movement became quite unrestrained, it is said that he had to turn round, by the help of a friendly hand, in order to bow to the audience, whose applause he could not hear, but whose sympathy he well understood.

The present writer has dwelt upon these particular facts because it is difficult nowadays to visit a concert given by the Philharmonic Society without remembering such a wonderful circumstance as this. We are modern in our own feeling to the last degree; but who shall catch up Beethoven, whose modernity passes all the dreams of our present generation? As Wagner said, when he himself conducted a performance of the Choral Symphony before the opening of the Bayreuth Theatre: "We may run, we may run, but it will take us many generations before we overtake this work of the greatest man who ever had the right to call himself a musician."

Rimsky-Korsakoff's Symphony (No. 2), "Antar," was given at the Philharmonic Concert a few days ago for the first time. The work is very efficient, and deals with matters in the musical scheme of things which are, no doubt, important enough, but which, unless they are accompanied by actual genius, from the programme point of view, are not particularly interesting. We all know that modern Russia has produced music which touches the very heart of the present system of life. It is for that reason that one feels almost the heart-throbbings of Tschaiikowsky. But there is a point when one quite understands that a man is attempting to do a similar thing and yet fails in his endeavour. We are told in the programme that "After long and mutual happiness the Fairy notices that Antar is absent-minded." Nothing could be more descriptive of the effect upon one's musical intelligence concerning the whole Symphony than that particular phrase. The beginning is somewhat impressive, and attracts by a certain amount of well-orchestrated music. One settles oneself down, as it were, to the interpretation of a work deftly put upon one side for one's own emotional nature. By degrees one notices a certain absent-mindedness

which is utterly justified in Antar, and, despite the fact that "she passionately embraces him" (for so the words of the programme run), one quite sympathises with the hero when, rejecting all things, he "dies in the arms of the Fairy." The Concert concluded with Bach's Violoncello Suite in C. This was played by M. Pablo Casals, who, earlier in the concert, took the solo part in Saint-Saëns' Concerto in A Minor. His technique is absolutely wonderful. He plays with a certain knowledge of his instrument which we do not remember to have noted in any player since the time of Piatti. But it must be said that he is rather hard, that his tone lacks sweetness, that everything which he touches seems to appeal rather to the stern and implacable man of the world than to the artist who looks for beauty in all work. Bach especially brings one back to this point; he was a man of infinite self-restraint, and yet he was a man whose sense of beauty has never been surpassed save for the exemplary instance of Mozart. But even as Mozart gathered hope from the tree which Bach had planted, so one might wish that Bach's gravity, his serious and workman-like beauty, would appeal less upon its technical side than upon its sentimental side to a player like M. Casals.



THE ORGANISER OF THE RIVAL TO COVENT GARDEN OPERA: MR. HENRY RUSSELL, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SEASON AT THE WALDORF THEATRE.

Mr. Russell, the son of that Henry Russell whose songs reached such extraordinary popularity, is a most successful teacher of voice-production, and, it will be remembered, organised the "cheap price" opera season at Covent Garden last year. His season at the Waldorf is likely to prove a considerable rival to that of the older house.

Photograph by C. Landy.

is his taking upon himself a first lease of the Waldorf Theatre for his opening season. He goes even further than this, inasmuch as

"Pagliacci," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "L'Amico Fritz," and "Adrienne Lecouvreur" have been entrusted entirely to him—that is to say, he holds the sole right of producing these operas during the forthcoming season at the Waldorf Theatre. We shall see what we shall see; but we must not forget that Mr. Russell is a very astute manager, and the list of his artists makes one feel that even Covent Garden might consider the possibility that here is a rival with whom it would be wise to make terms. Madame Calvé, Miss Garden, Miss Nielsen, and Madame Giulia Ravogli are amongst the principal artists engaged in Mr. Russell's scheme, in conjunction with Ancona, de Lucia, and Fornari. We understand that negotiations are pending with Bonci, and even with Edouard de Reszke.—COMMON CHORD.



A TALKING POST-CARD: SPEECH BY POST BY MEANS OF AN INGENIOUS ADAPTATION OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

The latest ingenuity of the inventor takes the form of an amusing adaptation of the phonograph. It is claimed that by means of post-cards similar to the one here illustrated messages can be sent through the post, providing always that the officials of St. Martin's-le-Grand are sufficiently careful with their punches. The circular disc placed on the card, of course, carries the record made by the sender, and all that it is necessary for the recipient to do is to remove this disc, place it on a little machine specially constructed for the purpose, and listen to the spoken message.



EXTRA PRIZES FOR COMPETITORS FOR THE INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY—OVER-LUBRICATION—HORSE-POWER—
SICILY AS A FIELD FOR MOTORISTS.

IF the Continental Caoutchouc and Guttapercha Company does hail from without the confines of the British Empire, and, thanks to our hallucinative Free Trade and the excellence of its productions, does do a large and remunerative business in this country, it cannot be said that it is in any way niggardly in offering substantial prizes in connection with competitions organised by our



A DRIVER IN THE ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR THE GORDON BENNETT CUP RACE: MR. CECIL EDGE.

Photograph by Topical Press.

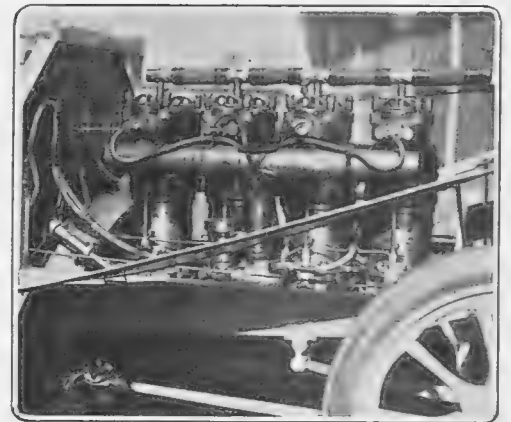
Automobile Club and other bodies. Both in this country and on the Continent, the Continental Tyre Company, to give it its short title, has always encouraged and in every possible way assisted any competition or movement likely to benefit the industry. At the moment, it is very much to the front with a handsome offer in connection with the International Tourist Trophy. In addition to making the amplest possible arrangements for the users of its tyres in the trials, it offers a cash prize of a hundred guineas, or a cup of that value, to the winner of the trophy, provided his car runs on Continental tyres, and a further prize of ten guineas to the car fitted with Continentals that accomplishes the fastest circuit, regardless of all other conditions—two good, sporting offers which will cause entrants to consider Continentals seriously.

The Continental Company gives as its reason for offering the above-named prizes its opinion that a competition of the description laid down for the Tourist Trophy must make for the early production of a thoroughly reliable car, satisfactory in every way for reasonable use on English roads. Everything which tends to the installation of engines of reasonable power makes the durability problem set before the tyre-manufacturers easier of solution. Tyre-manufacturers are beginning to gird not only at the increasing horse-power, but also at the ever-growing weight of bodies—witness the large prize offered by the Michelin people for the lightest and best body for a car suitable for *la grande tourisme*. By the way, I do not remember ever having seen any notification of the Michelin prize being awarded to any body-maker.

Over-lubrication, resulting in a choking cloud of thick, blue, throat-biting and nostril-stinging smoke being emitted from the

silencer, is an unpardonable offence against automobilism and against the community, for the simple reason that it is invariably due to rank carelessness. In nine cases out of ten, when a car is seen worming its way through the congested traffic of the West-End, vomiting this abomination, the leather-jacketed "shuvver" is found at the wheel. It is nothing to these careless beings that their exasperating slackness is irritating the public and wasting their master's expensive lubricating-oil at the same time. If, in lieu of harrying steam-car owners for the occasional emission of a little harmless, odourless, rapidly vanishing steam, the police were to take up a flagrant case of over-lubrication, they would be doing the State some service. On cars of over three hundred pounds in value I marvel not to find fitted automatic lubricators, which will serve oil in proper quantity to the engine, and in due proportion to its speed. There is a good opening for some enterprising English accessory-maker to put a moderately-priced, automatic lubricator on the market.

Horse-power is a term which is always on the lips of the automobilist, but if you catechise him upon the subject you will find him delightfully vague in his knowledge. The effect of the Channel air upon the horse-power of imported cars is quite bewildering, for no one not conversant with the horse-power of a foreign-built car on both sides of the Channel would credit the extraordinarily stimulating effects of the salt sea-breeze. Cars which quit the shores of France as 8 horse-power vehicles are 10 horse-powers, and even more, by the time they are landed on the south coast of this island or arrive in the Thames. It is really most puzzling, and even the importers

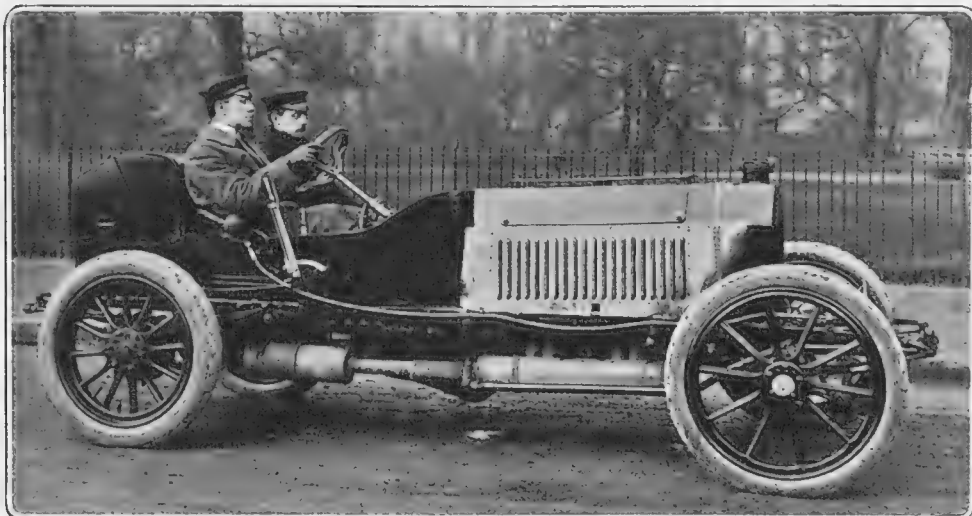


THE MACHINERY OF A COMPETITOR IN THE ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR THE GORDON BENNETT CUP RACE: THE ENGINE OF A 100 HORSE-POWER PANHARD-LEVASSOR.

Photograph by Branger.

can't explain it—satisfactorily. But when experts are puzzled, who shall blame the common man for his haziness? In *L'Auto* of 27th ult. appeared an article on this subject of horse-power, with much consideration how best to arrive at it. Example was given of the Mors engine styled of 40 horse-power by those responsible for its construction, which, tested by the formulæ of Vigreux, worked out at 39.40 horse-power, by that of Ringelmann at 37.92 horse-power, by the first formulæ of Witz at 31.56 horse-power, and by his second at 32 horse-power. Computed by the formulæ advised by the author of the article; the same engine was found to be of 56 horse-power. "Who shall decide, &c.?"

By Chapter IX. of that delightful book of Douglas Sladen on Sicily, I learn that "Sicily presents a most interesting field to motorists." Here, then, is a *terra incognita* to the automobilist weary of the narrow, winding roads of this country, and the arrow-straight, tree-lined highways of France. Sicily, says Douglas Sladen, has the crowning charm to the motorist that he can go where other people cannot, quite a new experience indeed for the law-harassed motorist of these isles, and the perusal of this particular chapter shows that a motor is the only convenient means by which the crowded and varied antiquities of Sicily can be visited in comfort. Trains and horse-drawn vehicles are alike impossible, while the great main-roads are kept in excellent order.



THE ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR THE GORDON BENNETT CUP RACE: MR. CECIL EDGE ON HIS NAPIER.

The eliminating trials for the British competitors will take place on May 23, and once again in the Isle of Man, Mr. Hall Caine's countrymen having decided that it is worth their while to encourage the contest. Mr. Edge's car is 4-cylindred, and nominally of 80 horse-power. Particular attention has been paid to the steering, the steering-lever being so arranged that the movement of the front springs does not affect the steering. The ignition is the well-known Napier high-tension synchronised ignition, all the parts being easily accessible, and in view of the driver, on the dashboard. The ignition is driven from the motor by means of chain to the half-time shaft.

Photograph by Topical Press.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DERBY—SANSOVINO—ANTE-POST BETTING—MYSTERY MEN.

THE Epsom Summer Meeting will this year commence on May 30. The Derby will be run on May 31, and the Oaks on June 2. It is usual to have a five weeks' interval between the Two Thousand and the Derby, but this year it is cut down to four weeks. There is a big "if" connected with M. Blanc's three-year-olds. It is now said that Jardy will run for the Guineas and the Derby. In the Newmarket race he will have a doughty opponent in Rouge Croix, who has come on by leaps and bounds. The Flying Fox three-year-olds may be as bad as the Meltons. On the other hand, they may improve with age. Anyway, from information received, I am going to suggest that the Derby of 1905 will be won by Cicero. Lord Rosebery has already tasted the sweets of victory by the aid of Ladas and Sir Visto, and although I am told his Lordship did not think too highly of Cicero's performances as a two-year-old, he is now convinced that he owns a three-year-old second to none—at least, in this country. Cicero will be ridden by D. Maher, who rode Rock Sand to victory in 1903. J. H. Martin rode Ard Patrick in 1902, and L. Reiff was successful on Volodyovski in 1901. Thus, three American jockeys won in succession. I mention this fact because some people, highly charged with our insular prejudices, contend that American riders cannot act on the Epsom gradients. Maher is good enough for me if the colt is capable of winning.

The race for the Lincoln Handicap was one of the most exciting on record, and the finish was worth going half-way round the globe to witness. Sansovino got home all right, but I think Catty Crag must have won comfortably in another fifty yards. And, indeed, I fancy the third horse, Park Ranger, would have been second with a little further to go. I stuck to the winner in this column right from the appearance of the weights to the finish, but he was, I must admit, lucky to have won, and his victory was, in the main, due to the masterly riding of Griggs, who is an artist in the saddle. I am not likely to forget Marco, the sire of Sansovino, as he beat our good thing, Bedlight, for the Lewes Handicap, and after the race the late Mr. George Gotham told us he would most certainly win the Cambridgeshire. He did, too, but very few Pressmen were on the good thing. It was a big tip for Sansovino, who had run second to Romer for the Derby Cup, when Mr. Joe Davis declined to accept with Romer for the Lincoln Handicap. As I have said many times

is a fine sportsman, and his latest victory was very popular, although it did not suit the pockets of the public.

After the experience of the scratching of horses engaged in the Lincoln Handicap, I should say we have very nearly seen the last of ante-post betting so far as big handicaps are concerned. It is a



THE GORGING CAPACITY OF A TWENTY-FOOT PYTHON:
A CAPTURED SERPENT AND ITS MEAL.

The python here shown was found sleeping off the effects of a debauch on the edge of a jungle in India. A surgical operation, which was by no means for the good of the victim, revealed his meal as a full-grown deer, swallowed whole.

Photograph supplied by George Wentriph.

remarkable fact that the favourites in the big handicaps show a bigger percentage of accidents than the outsiders. Some owners with certainties want 20 to 1 to their money, and when they are offered 8 to 1, which, in my opinion, is six points too much, they decline the contest. No end of people backed Csardas, Wolfshall, and Hackler's Pride, one after the other, in the early betting for the Lincoln Handicap, and all these were scratched. No doubt, the owners of the horses named had legitimate excuse for the scratching out of their animals. Indeed, Wolfshall was beaten in a trial, and Hackler's Pride and Csardas were amiss. At the same time, little backers must see the danger of backing horses before the numbers have been hoisted. Often and often it is possible to get a better price about an animal on the day than is obtainable a month before the race. Further, owners' intentions are not known nowadays until the course has been reached. The ante-post betting should be left to the Continental agents who swoop down on our Clubs directly the weights appear and appropriate all the long shots offered against anything entered in a handicap. Many of the professional backers now do all their business at starting-price.

The turf is overrun with men of mystery, half-educated, weak-minded beings, who can never say right out what they mean, but who by nature are seemingly compelled to creep about, look very knowing, and whisper nothings to their patrons. They wink, nod, and talk in riddles, but never say right out anything understandable. These hangers-on of the Turf hint at pulling, and every other foul practice. They never believe that the game is being played straight by anybody, but their "information" is always of the gilt-edged consistency, according to themselves. These poor, misguided creatures more often than not have to beg for silver to help them to pay their return railway-fares. They are always going to run a shilling into a hundred pounds, and they would often have succeeded in doing so if this, that, or the other had not happened. Within the last three months a gutter-merchant was selling penny goods in the streets of London. He does the rounds of the Metropolitan race-meetings in the summer months, and retails Big Bonanza certainties. One naturally wants to know why it is he cannot capture the winter's keep if the goods are so precious. Why not back his certainties himself? The late Jack Dickinson used to get sufficient out of his tips at the Doncaster meeting to keep his household going for a year.

CAPTAIN COE.



WHAT THE PREHISTORIC HUNTER HAD TO FACE: BRONTOSAURS
"IN THEIR HABIT AS THEY LIVED."

By the side of such fearsome beasts as the brontosaur, or thunder-lizard, the cunning of the tiger, the bulk of the elephant, and the ripping horn of the rhinoceros become, comparatively, insignificant, and the hunter of prehistoric days must have found himself the hunted a good deal more often than does the big-game shot of to-day. Nature, however, has done the work which prehistoric man could, probably, not have done alone, and all that we now have to remind us of the existence of such beasts is an occasional bone or piece of hide, and such exhibits as the gigantic skeleton, recently illustrated in these pages as the hero of a "brontosaur tea," which now has its habitat in the American Museum of Natural History.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

before, Mr. Davis is one of the best judges of racing in England. He won the Lincoln Handicap with the patched-up cripple, Fulmen, who started among the any-price-you-like division. Mr. Luscombe

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THERE was a time when—difficult as it is for the present generation to realise—women did not think it “quite nice” to be seen in a hansom, when girls were not supposed to drink port, to cross a street without a maid or male escort, or do a dozen other feebly venturesome things; while as for the woman who ventured into the City, she was indeed *rara avis*, and was stared at as such. This contrasting state of things is forced upon one just



[Copyright.]

DARK-BLUE VELVET AND BRAID

as much on one side of Temple Bar as the other nowadays, and anyone who journeyed Citywards for a Japanese Loan prospectus the other day might have regaled himself on Parisian millinery intermixed with the indigenous stove-pipe in the neighbourhood of the banks that dispensed the desirable documents. Satirical scribblers still enlarge on the matters of the marriage market, but if they took cognisance of daily events they would find feminine interests hover quite as fondly over the Bourse. Most women, as a matter of course, have their own banking-accounts, which presupposes a stock-broking one to boot, and “values” are discussed at luncheon-parties or at tea-time with an intimacy and insight which our grandmothers could hardly have brought to bear on pickles and pomatum.

Talking of millinery, its intricacies are a proverb just at present, and quite put out of court the puny efforts of the amateur. Hat-brims twist and curl and curve most tantalisingly over pretty faces, and the flat hat of too many seasons' fashion has dropped out of sight and mind completely. In Dover Street, which may be regarded as the fount of all Metropolitan inspiration, one receives a series of agreeable shocks at the unexpectedness and charm of each new model.

Kate Reily and Paquin naturally lead off, with the more recently arrived Lola an excellent second. At the former temple of fashion some silky-looking crinoline-straws just arrived for Easter headgear were very bewitching. We all know how lucky it is to wear something new on Easter Day, and when in doubt what to purchase, always let it

be a hat, say I. One of these white Kate Reily confections had a little wreath of apple-blossom, mimosa, and heliotrope winding in and out amongst the curves, with white feathers nestling on the hair at the back. It is what an American friend who bought it called “too charming.” Another sported two superb ostrich-feathers in palest eau-de-Nil, held in place by the most absolutely natural posy of field-flowers—the work of inspired French fingers. There is a noticeable absence of buckles on all the best hats, glittering eccentricities in paste or enamel or jet being replaced by flowers more exquisite in colour or construction than one seems ever to have seen before.

For glittering effects, women restrict themselves to jewellery, the delicacy and lace-like effects of which increase with increasing excellence of workmanship. Take, for instance, the necklet of small brilliants set in platinum which is illustrated on the next page. It is one of the Parisian Diamond Company's newest effects, and easily distinguishable by its originality as well as the lace-like gem-work for which that wonderful firm is justly renowned. Pearl and diamond ear-rings, which seem to form part of every smart exterior nowadays, are also a specialty of the Parisian Diamond Company. The particular pair illustrated is beautifully set in gold and silver, with large, lustrous pearls, only costing the bagatelle of seventy shillings, and rivalling in appearance, if, indeed, not excelling, facsimiles that cost over a hundred guineas. Diamond-encircled miniature pendants are now



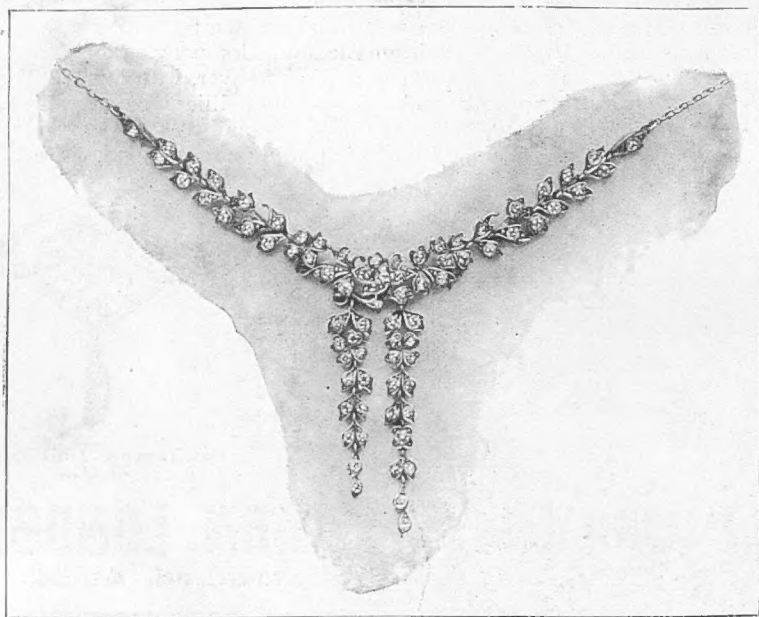
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SHOT TAFFETAS WITH BLACK-AND-WHITE TRIMMINGS.

favourite jewels with proud young mothers, and examples of the daintiest designs are here obtainable at prices modest exceedingly. Other pendants of original and exclusive design, beautifully rendered in jewels and translucent enamels, are on view at the Company's different addresses in the Burlington Arcade, at 143, Regent Street, and in the famous corner-shop of New Bond Street which proves so irresistible a magnet to the passer-by. Those marvellous pearls to which the Parisian Diamond Company owes so much of its fame are still a chief attraction amongst their

many alluring wares, and the woman who does not possess a string or rope cannot be considered completely equipped. Many imitations have from time to time been introduced, but their defects bewray them. The Company's secret of imitating "to the life" that treasure-trove of the deep has never been discovered, and until it has been—which is another way of spelling "never"—the Parisian Company's will remain unique and unapproachable.

We went Savoywards this week to see Mrs. Brown-Potter personate Du Barri, and I could only think that if that fascinating Frenchwoman ever looked half as handsome, much was to be forgiven the susceptible Louis. Mrs. Brown-Potter's wigs and gowns were really ineffable, and her brocade *saut du lit* in the bedroom scene was daintiness incarnate. We have gone back to that period for many effects in silk and stuff to-day, and the ombré taffetas, with tiny knots of flowers, and the pale-tinted brocades of this season are enchanting, but are all copies of the old French, which once more goes to prove that there is nothing new under the stars. A correspondent has written asking for a pattern of the pretty little tailor-made illustrating one of Charles Lee's frocks that appeared in our last number; but *The Sketch* not being primarily a woman's paper, we do not issue paper patterns, and the commendable course would really be for the admirer to order the



A NECKLET OF SMALL BRILLIANTS SET IN PLATINUM,
AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

frock at the fountain-head, which would ensure its being smartly and economically carried out. Many women still pin their faith on the cheapness of the home-made frock, but let it be once more proclaimed that the little dressmaker is a fount of bitterness, a snare, a delusion, a sort of Goodwin Sands into which our treasure is poured, and from which only emerge wrecks and remnants of shattered hopes. The wonder is that she survives when the present standard of dressing in England is so high. It should be remembered that it takes an expert to achieve a satisfactory frock, just as it takes one to make a pudding or to build a yacht, and no bungler at a bungler's wages can, or could, or should attain to what skilled labour is alone entitled.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

I. HYLTON.—I cannot say off-hand by whom Miss Violet Vanbrugh's frock was made in the second Act, but can find out and let you know in the next number if that will do. I should not think there would be any objection to its being copied.

SYBIL.

Mr. Robert Ganthony, the well-known entertainer, is to play Sir John Bendwill, K.C., in "Counsel's Opinion," at the Theatre Royal, Richmond, during next week. The gown and wig he will wear on this occasion will make their first appearance on any stage, though they have appeared in many important cases when worn by the eminent K.C. whose friendship for the actor induces him to make a "Lent" concession to dramatic art. Mr. Ganthony commences an engagement at the London Coliseum in July, "presenting" an entertainment of geometry and art, and will follow this with a tour of Mr. Stoll's suburban and provincial Empires. Later still he opens at Mr. Proctor's Variety Theatres in New York, working two theatres each evening and doing two entertainments at each.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company announces a number of special trains for the Folkestone Steeplechases on Monday next. A Club train, first-class only, will leave Charing Cross at 10.15, the fare being eight shillings for the day return. Two of the other specials will be third-class only, and the fare by these will be five shillings.

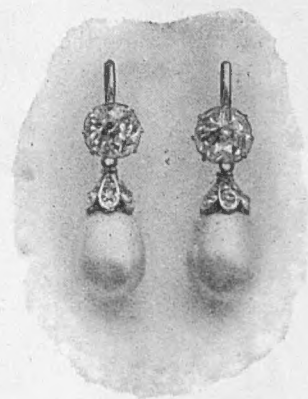
THE PARIS THEATRES.

JUST as "Scarron," M. Catulle Mendès's play in verse, in which Coquelin the elder is appearing with immense success at the Théâtre de la Gaité, has been produced, the news has spread that the old quarrel between Mendès and Madame Sarah Bernhardt has finally been patched up, and that the two great folk are reconciled. *Sketch* readers may remember the uproar which the quarrel aroused a few years since, and the absurd way in which Paris took sides for Mendès or against, against or for the Divine Sarah, for all the world as though the matter were another Dreyfus case, instead of the small storm it was in the dramatic tea-cup.

The letters from Sarah Bernhardt to Mendès, and from Mendès to "his divine but all impossible Sarah Bernhardt," filled columns of the newspapers, and after a few weeks' excitement Paris had quite forgotten what the quarrel was about, and was, in true Parisian style, very excited about the details. The quarrel was merely in reference to a play by Mendès, "Sainte Thérèse," which Madame Bernhardt, after accepting it, could not or would not produce, and, instead of settling the matter, in brutal British fashion, with a cheque, the parties exchanged a correspondence almost as passionate and interesting as the more famous and historic one of that between Alfred de Musset and Georges Sand. However, all is amicably settled now, and, as the poet said of old, "Embrassons nous Folleville" is the order of the day.

Meanwhile, M. de Max, the creator at the Théâtre des Bouffes of the chief part in Andersen's and Fulda's play, "Le Talisman," has quarrelled with the management of the Bouffes-Parisiens, because that management wished to advertise the piece with a poster in which—in full accordance with the story—M. de Max, the King, appears dressed merely in his shirt. M. de Max objected to be made ridiculous, and—convinced that he has not done so—has retired from the Bouffes' bill, to resume his old part of the Homodei in Victor Hugo's "Angelo," at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, and M. Armand Bour, who had no understudy ready, has engaged Madame Yvette Guilbert to give a series of her "Chansons Crinoline" and "Chansons du XVII. et XVIII. Siècle" at his theatre.

These old-time songs of Madame Yvette Guilbert are delightful, and the Bouffes is doing roaring business. The whole performance is charmingly artistic; the orchestra of old-world instruments, at the head of which are M. and Madame Casadesus, has won its way into



TASTEFUL EAR-RINGS AT THE
PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



TO BRIGHTON FOR TWO-AND-FOURPENCE: DEMONSTRATING THE UTILITY
OF THE MOTOR-VAN.

The utility of the motor-van as a carrier of goods was amply demonstrated the other day by Messrs. Hedges and Butler, who forwarded, by this means, a load of sixty dozen of wine from London to Brighton in 3 hr. 48 min., at a cost of only 2s. 4d. per petrol.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

the wayward hearts of the Parisians, and it is not unlikely that Madame Guilbert may remain at the Bouffes until she leaves Paris for her engagement on this side of the Channel, somewhere in June.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 11.

THE MARKETS AND THE JAPANESE LOAN.

THE Settlement and the success of the Japanese Loan have operated to restrict general Stock Exchange business, which has been on a smaller scale than at any time during the last two months. Now that the Account has been arranged without any trouble, the better class of investment stocks all show a cheerful tendency. There is no doubt that there is plenty of money about for both investment and speculation, but the enormous subscription for the Japanese Loan does not in the least represent what people wanted, for, of course, with a premium of 2 per cent. before the issue, everybody who wanted £500 applied for three or four thousand, and a host of people who did not want any at all sent in applications on the chance of making a trifle by premium-snatching—a game on which not a few persons lived in the good days of the middle 'nineties.

The Mining Markets have been very dull, and only kept alive by various stories about gold discoveries in Rhodesia, which the wire-pullers hope, we suppose, will in time excite public interest. The Continental speculators are more concerned over the continuance of the war than we are on this side of the Channel, and until they see whether Russia is determined to continue the struggle will hardly be tempted to launch out in extensive buying.

A few weeks ago we called attention to the "A" certificates of the Central Bahia Railway Trust, which were then 82-4. At that price they were a cheap and safe purchase; but at the present price of 90 they are about their true value.

In a few days we are promised the great Harmsworth Company, to include the *Daily Mail*, the *Illustrated Mail*, the *Evening News*, and the *Weekly Dispatch*. The shares will be divided into three classes and the capital will exceed a million and a half. The profits are certified at over £150,000 a year, and the title will be "The Associated Papers."

HOPE AND THE KAFFIR MARKET.

What specific cause brought about the sudden recovery in the Kaffir Circus at the end of last week it would be rather difficult to say. The market for months past has been a happy hunting-ground for bears, who contentedly allowed their shares to run, in spite of the ever-decreasing rates of contango that they received. The big houses allowed this kind of thing to go on without any attempt to check it, other than an occasional hint of "syndicates" being formed for the support of the market. At last the weekly meeting—at which the magnates were supposed to come to some conclusion with regard to how Kaffir prices should be maintained—came to be the laughing-stock of Throgmorton Street. Accordingly, when option-buying started to raise quotations, the bears affected no anxiety. But the rise went beyond the conventional half-a-crown per share, and the shorts took counsel with themselves on the point of repurchasing. As the advance progressed, they added their buying-back to the other elements of strength, and the whole improvement is merely a market movement, nothing more. It may, of course, be the opening of the bull campaign of which so much has been said and written during the past twelvemonth, but we cannot help being very dubious as to that. Prices are too high; that is the worst feature making for lack of substantial rise, and the public are sellers all round. We fear the Kaffir boom has not come yet, but then, as the jobbers say, "you never know."

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

Still dominated by the price of Hudson's Bay shares, the Miscellaneous Market finds business considerably less active than it was a month ago. Dealers who came into the Industrial department from other parts of the House are inclined to wonder whether they have struck an Eldorado after all. One man doesn't think so, anyway. He made a price in 100 Hudson's Bay, and cut 30s. a share loss on them an hour or so later. The bull account and the readiness of real holders to take heavy profits now that the rise has been checked is at the root of the relapse. Perhaps the bull account is not underrated by those who would like to see the price lower, and we are quite prepared to hear before long that the situation has shifted to one in which there is a scarcity of shares. Then will Bays rapidly recover.

It is a good sign to see Brewery stocks getting over their acute weakness. The market is one which we dislike thoroughly, from its narrowness and the exorbitant terms upon which the buyer or seller too frequently has to deal, but constant drooping of prices in a department that carries so much of the public and the publican's money does no good to Industrials at large. Consequently we observe the rally with some pleasure, and should say it was justifiable

enough. A sort of uneasiness has crept quite lately into the shares of those Electric-lighting Companies that operate in the Metropolis. Such sound investments as St. James's and Pall Mall, Westminster, Kensington, Notting Hill, Metropolitan, and similar shares are dull upon apprehensions of what harm may be done to the undertakings by the passage of the new London Electric Power Bill, if it becomes law. For ourselves, we fail to see how the older Companies would greatly suffer even if the Bill were passed, and the nervousness seems to be overdone. Something similar is observable in the fall which has lowered the prices of London General Omnibus stock and Road Car shares. We have already discussed the motor-bus question in these columns, and need only repeat that the new Companies stand a very poor chance of successfully competing with their long-established rivals.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

He was standing on the towing-path, not far from Hammersmith Bridge, and rather aimlessly wondering what to do next.

The usual Boat-race crowd surged by him, and he allowed himself to be carried along with it, when an umbrella hit him sharply on the hat.

"What in the wide, wide world brings you down here?" cried a deep bass voice, and in another second Our Stroller was shaking hands with a former schoolfellow he had not seen for years.

"How is it you're not over there?" demanded our friend, nodding across the river at Biffen's stand.

"Oh, I like the great unwashed occasionally," was the reply.

"By Jove! You see the primitive side of man out here, don't you?"

"And woman," chimed in Our Stroller. "But where are you off to?"

"Whithersoever fate leads. I've nothing to do, having made a fiver on the Boat-race. Which way do you go?"

"I was thinking of running up to the City," said our friend.

"Latish for that, eh? Tell you what, let's have a hansom up, and—"

"Stock Exchange," was the brief direction The Stroller gave the cabman.

And on the way down from the West to the City The Schoolfellow told how he had gone out to the Argentine Republic, done well, and was home for a few months' rest.

"Then you ought to be an authority upon Argentine Rails?"

"I know a little about them, perhaps. Look at the Albert Hall: dirty as ever."

"Oh, I don't know. It might be worse. What do you think of Buenos Ayres and Rosario?"

"First-class stock. Of its kind, I mean to say. They've just declared 6 or 7 per cent. for the year, haven't they?"

"Six per cent. the final dividend makes it. Then you think it might be locked up, eh?"

"Bound to improve, in my judgment. Why, this is Sloane Street, isn't it?"

"It is. You seem glad to recognise the familiar spots."

"I am. Came down by District, so I didn't catch much of the scenery. I say, that stock ought to be a thundering good investment, surely?"

"Why?"

"Line is going to be electrified, isn't it? Look at the magnificent route, the crowds of passengers even now, the cheap fares, the popularity of the line. I feel as though I'd like to buy five thousand on the nail."

"If you were to go to my broker I don't believe he would let you buy them"; and Our Stroller laughed, leaning back in his seat.

The hansom missed collision with a motor-car by the narrowest of shaves.

"Good driver, this chap," commented The Schoolfellow laconically. "Quite the fault of the chauffeur. Looks like a foreigner."

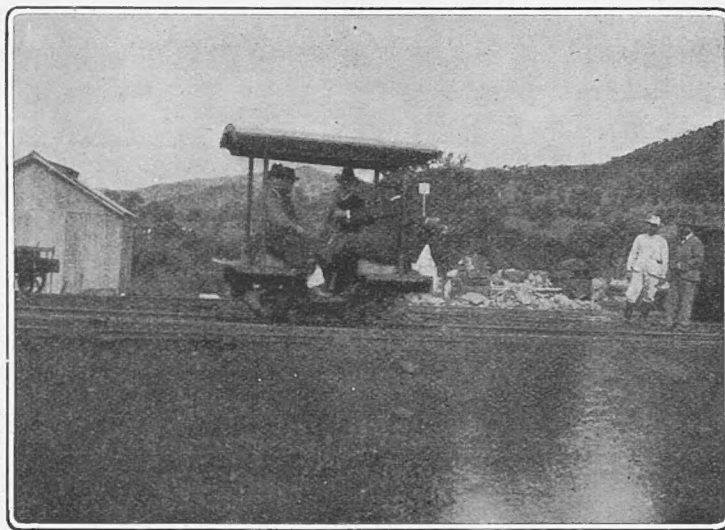
"These drivers are very cosmopolitan," returned Our Stroller, looking less unhappy. "If they—"

"That just reminds me," cried the other; "I met a man at dinner last night, and, although I'd never seen him before, he told me, most confidentially, to buy Cosmopolitan shares. Know anything about it? Is it a soap concern, or cocoa, or what?"

"It's a gold-mining Company in West Australia, and that's all I know," was The Stroller's answer. "Here we are at the top of Cheapside. Come and see my broker and you can ask him."

Throgmorton Street was full of contents-bills announcing the result of the Boat-race. There was a good-sized crowd outside the Stock Exchange door, and when the pair of travellers reached the broker's office they were asked to wait until he returned from "the close."

"New boy, sir," The Stroller said, as the Houseman hurried in. He shook hands cordially with his two visitors, tossed his dealing-book to one clerk and told him to make out the contracts,



SHEBA COMPANY: TROLLEY FROM MINE.

then called for the letters to sign, and asked if anyone had rung up about Cosmops."

"Why, we've been talking about those," said The Stroller. "Talking of them only just now."

"I'm rather putting my people into them," the broker remarked, confidentially. "I need hardly tell you that they're a gamble, but I honestly believe they are a good one."

"Is it anything more than a general kind of a tip?" inquired The Schoolfellow.

"I think it is. From what I hear—and I believe the information is reliable—there are developments on the property which make the shares worth ten shillings, anyway. Only, as I tell you, it is a gamble."

"All mining shares are," said The Stroller, sententiously.

"Are Districts a gamble?" The Schoolfellow asked.

"Districts? I wouldn't touch Districts with a live rail!" exclaimed the Broker. "Here is the shop with tons of stock at prices from twenty-five and upwards, and the line is about as likely to earn a dividend on its Ordinary stock as I am to—to—row in next year's Boat-race."

"How is it the price stands over 40, then?" and The Stroller looked conscious of having delivered himself of a poser.

"It's kept there by people who want to get out of the stock later on," was the prompt reply. "At 4, the price would look promising; at 40, it is absurdly high."

"If that's the case, I'd better buy something else," and the second visitor ran the tape through his fingers. "I don't understand a tithe of these mysteries," and he tapped the long white strip with his forefinger.

"D'you want to buy something?" asked the broker, as he ceased to sign the letters.

"Says he means to buy five Districts," replied The Stroller, evoking swift denial from the capitalist.

"I have a good deal of Argentine odds-and-ends, so thought I might go into some fresh field this time," he explained.

"I see," said the broker. "Speculative?"

"Speculative investment."

"I'm rather sweet on Grand Trunk Third Preference myself."

"Didn't I see the Company badly slated in the financial papers last week?"

The Broker smiled. "That particular attack you need take no notice of," he nodded; and went on to discuss the prospects of the Company, the price of the stock, and so on.

"Will you please buy me five thousand pounds stock?" asked The Schoolfellow. "I will take it up, and if you want any references——"

The stock was bought.

Saturday, April 1, 1905.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. O.—(1) How you can be taken in by such rubbish as the "London and New York" touts send you passes our comprehension. We have not space to point out the folly of the whole thing, but it is absurd to talk of making money out of buying and selling the same stock at the same time. People like you must lose their money somehow, as well this way as any other.

ARTHUR.—See this week's Notes. The price was about 82½ when we recommended the purchase.

NORMAN GILES.—The proposal in your letter is not a bad one, but we should prefer some Argentine Railway stock, or, if you will take a little more risk for the chance of a corresponding profit, Cuban Central Railway shares, for the reinvestment.

JAP.—The allotments will probably be out before this answer is in print, so it is useless to guess at what you will get.

CAT'S MEAT.—We really cannot answer your questions. All we knew as to the Nelson report was given in last week's issue.

THE CLUBMAN.

Lord Curzon and his Troubles—The Method of the Babu—The Kaiser as the Protector of the Faithful.

LORD CURZON rose from a sick-bed to defend the proposals for the Indian Budget in his Council, and was really pathetic when he alluded to the discontent of the educated natives. When Lord Curzon first took up his appointment, I wrote that sooner or later, in his zeal for reform, he would come to hand-grips with the Babu, and that when that happened he would find an unlimited amount of passive resistance opposing him. The educated native, from Mr. Jabberjee downwards, is, on paper, more anxious for the efficiency of all Government departments in India than any of the other inhabitants of the continent; but his idea of efficiency is that nearly all the posts held by Europeans should pass into native hands, and then, in a spirit of brotherly love, he will find two appointments for the native-born where one Englishman did the work.

Every white man in India, whether he be in one of the branches of the Civil Service, a railway-man, or a soldier, tries at intervals to put his office into order and to rout out of it the minor native clerks who are doing unnecessary work. He probably finds that all letters which come into the office are copied out in long-hand into books by two most industrious scribes, are then handed to another to be registered, to yet another for a précis to be made of them, and, finally, come to him after three hours' unnecessary delay. The white man sends for the head native clerk, tells him that the contents of the letters are to be noted when the receipt of them is registered, that they are to be in his hands half-an-hour after their arrival, and that the services of the two junior clerks are to be dispensed with.

The head-clerk salaams respectfully and says that the protector of the poor's orders shall be obeyed. Half-an-hour later the sound of wailing is heard, and, before the Englishman leaves his office, the two clerks, weeping copiously, have presented petitions which set forth the ruin which has fallen upon them, and beg that the cherisher of the lowly will not hide the light of his countenance from them. The white man persists, and the two clerks, with loosened hair and covered with dust, take up permanent positions outside his bungalow-gate, and announce to all who pass that they have come there to die of starvation because the lamp of the world is angry with them.

Everything goes wrong in the office; the most important letter of the week is lost, owing, as the head-clerk points out, to the irregular method of registration; every circular, begging-letter, advertisement, and applications from sweepers and bheestis for employment come before the worried official, as well as the letters he should see. His milch-cow dies under suspicious circumstances, his pony goes lame, and he knows that the whole office rejoices thereat; and his wife's native maid and his baby's ayah both give warning, saying that there is "Jadoo" upon the house. The native paper commences a series of attacks upon him, and he himself begins to feel ill with worry and overwork. At last, unless he is a very determined man, he says that employment may be found again for the dismissed clerks, and at once the office work goes again on greased wheels and his domestic troubles cease.

Lord Curzon is experiencing something of the same kind on a much larger scale. He has taken immense interest in all things pertaining to the nations he governs, he has spent great sums on preserving their monuments, and has not only protected their religions, but has made himself acquainted with the tenets of them. He has remitted taxes which pressed on the very poor, and risked his popularity with the Army by always giving the benefit of the doubt to the coloured man in all cases of disputes between soldiers and villagers; but he does not consider that to be a B.A. of the Colleges of Bombay, Madras, or Calcutta is a claim to Government employment, and wishes to get the maximum of useful work out of native employes instead of multiplying posts for the duly qualified.

One of the rumours made in Germany concerning the Kaiser's visit to Morocco was that His Imperial Majesty purposed to take on his shoulders the protection of all Mohammedan peoples. This is a far more picturesque picture than that of the War Lord turned into sublime commercial-traveller; but in Germany there is not much knowledge concerning the thoughts and feeling of Mohammedan races. If the Kaiser were willing to become a follower of the Prophet, to make a pilgrimage to Mecca and wear a green turban, he might be accepted as a leader of the Mohammedan peoples, though the Sultan would probably have a word or two to say on the matter. The fanatic follower of the laws of the Prophet has a deep contempt for all infidels. He is quite pleased should they cut each other's throats, but, at the best, he tolerates their presence as a necessary nuisance. There are some verses in the Koran which lay down that the infidel and all his family, his domestic animals, and all that belongs to him should be destroyed, and in the Indian Mutiny, in one of the captured towns, the Europeans were solemnly led out to execution, the Mullahs going in front of them and chanting these verses. Unless the Kaiser is prepared to build a Mosque in Berlin and to pay surprise visits to his garrisons with a praying-carpet under his arm, I am afraid he will never be accepted as a Protector of the Faithful.